THE LANIER BOOK



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THE LANIER BOOK



SIDNEY LANIER, IN CONFEDERATE UNIFORM,
AT THE AGE OF 24

From a photograph taken at the close of the Civil War, now owned by Mr. Milton Northrup, of Syracuse, N. Y.

THE LANIER BOOK

SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE
FROM THE WRITINGS OF
SIDNEY LANIER

EDITED BY
MARY E. BURT

ILLUSTRATED

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To

MY BOYS OF 1902

PREFACE

SIDNEY LANIER is best known by his "Marshes of Glynn," "The Symphony," "Corn," "Clover," "The Song of the Chattahoochee," and "Ballad of the Leaves," poems appealing to the mature mind. Anyone not intimately acquainted with his works might ask: "What is there in the writings of Lanier for younger minds? Surely he speaks to the philosopher, the scientist, the statesman, but not to the student in common schools." Lanier has two audiences. He has his following of university professors and profound scholars, and he has his young people's brigade, as well. No one who has heard boys of nine and ten years recite with glowing interest "The Tournament," "Tampa Robins," "Barnacles," and "The Song of the Chattahoochee," as I have repeatedly, can doubt that even a child's life

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will be broadened and his mind made keener through contact with the lines of this dear poet.

Sidney Lanier had four boys of his own. He was in touch with children and childhood. He loved the intimate companionship of his boys. He loved to play with them, to read to them, to reason with them, to write to them and for them and about them. Some of the most precious hours of his life were devoted to editing children's books, and his own children gave him the clew to what was best in these volumes, "The Boy's King Arthur," "The Boy's Froissart," "Knightly Legends of Wales," and "The Boy's Percy." It was out of the young father's heart and for the love of his own children that these things were done. Right well did he know the joyous pride of the young father in his first-born when he wrote "Baby Charlie." Well did he know the strenuous and chivalric heart of the boy when he edited the various volumes of knightly tales.

Lanier's devotion to his brother Clifford was passionate affection to the last, and in their poem (written conjointly), "The First Steamboat up the Alabama," there is a delicious ap-

preciation of child-life in the character of little Dinah, which only child-loving poets realize:

"Shuh dat gal jes' like dis little hick'ry tree,
De sap's jes' risin' in her; she do grow ow laciouslee." *

This poem always calls forth a storm of applause when read or recited before children or older students, as does also "The Hard Times in Elfland," a princely gift from the poet to his children when Santa Claus was too poor and sick to fill their stockings with toys. Oh, what a Christmas gift was that!

"The Story of a Proverb," written for young folks, and first printed in *St. Nicholas* magazine, is much liked by children, and "The Story of King Arthur," also from *St. Nicholas,* is a running review of King Arthur's life condensed, and valuable in school work to the teacher who is too pressed for time to place the large volume in her pupil's hands. Any pupil of twelve years who can read with an average degree of accuracy will like the story.

The Lanier Book need not be considered a volume for one grade. I remember a "Lanier Day" in my own school-room a few years ago

* See "Poems of Sidney Lanier," p. 279.

when a youth of fourteen paid a brilliant tribute to the poet, and pupils from eight to fifteen applauded heartily; and yet another "Lanier Day" when boys of eight or nine or ten recited with zest "Tampa Robins," "The "Tournament," "Life and Song," "Barnacles," and other poems, to a most appreciative audience of parents. There is no "grade line" and no "age line" in the writings of great men. The work of Lanier, like that of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, and Cable, is crowned "permanent" by the best critics, and there is no longer any possibility of excluding him from educational lines or of reserving him for future schools to discover.

The thanks of the editor are due to Mrs. Mary Day Lanier, who has revised the work, and to William Malone Baskervill, from whose "Biographical and Critical Studies of Southern Writers" I have often quoted.

MARY E. BURT.

The John A. Browning School.
April, 1904.

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I

THE STORY OF A PROVERB

THE STORY OF A PROVERB

ONCE upon a time—if my memory serves me correctly, it was in the year 6⅞—His Intensely - Serene - and - Altogether - Perfectly - Astounding Highness the King of Nimporte was reclining in his royal palace. The casual observer (though it must be said that casual observers were as rigidly excluded from the palace of Nimporte as if they had been tramps) might easily have noticed that his majesty was displeased.

The fact is, if his majesty had been a little boy, he would have been whipped and sent to bed for the sulks; but even during this early period of which I am writing, the strangeness of things had reached such a pitch that in the very moment at which this story opens the King of Nimporte arose from his couch, seized by the shoulders his grand vizier (who was not at all in the sulks, but was endeavoring, as best he could, to smile from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet), and kicked him downstairs.

As the grand vizier reached the lowest step in the course of his tumble, a courier covered with dust was in the act of putting his foot upon the same. But the force of the grand vizier's fall was such as to knock both the courier's legs from under him; and as, in the meantime, the grand vizier had wildly clasped his arms around the courier's body, to arrest his own descent, the result was such a miscellaneous rolling of the two men, that for a moment no one was able to distinguish which legs belonged to the grand vizier and which to the courier.

"Has she arrived?" asked the grand vizier, as soon as his breath came.

"Yes," said the courier, already hastening up the stairs.

At this magic word, the grand vizier again threw his arms around the courier, kissed him, released him, whirled himself about like a tee-totum, leaped into the air and cracked his heels thrice before again touching the earth, and said:

"Allah be praised! Perhaps now we shall have some peace in the palace."

In truth, the King of Nimporte had been waiting two hours for his bride, whom he had never seen; for, according to custom, one of his great lords had been sent to the court of the bride's father, where he had married her by

proxy for his royal master, and whence he was now conducting her to the palace. For two hours the King of Nimporte had been waiting for a courier to arrive and announce to him that the cavalcade was on its last day's march over the plain, and was fast approaching the city.

As soon as the courier had delivered his message, the king kicked him down-stairs (for not arriving sooner, his majesty incidentally remarked), and ordered the grand vizier to cause that a strip of velvet carpet should be laid from the front door of the grand palace, extending a half-mile down the street in the direction of the road by which the cavalcade was approaching; adding that it was his royal intention to walk this distance, for the purpose of giving his bride a more honorable reception than any bride of any king of Nimporte had ever before received.

The grand vizier lost no time in carrying out his instructions, and in a short time the king appeared stepping along the carpet in the stateliest manner, followed by a vast and glittering retinue of courtiers, and encompassed by multitudes of citizens who had crowded to see the pageant.

As the king, bareheaded and barefooted (for at this time everybody went barefoot in Nim-

porte), approached the end of the carpet, he caught sight of his bride, who was but a few yards distant on her milk-white palfrey.

Her appearance was so ravishingly beautiful, that the king seemed at first dazed, like a man who has looked at the sun; but, quickly recover-



THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

ing his wits, he threw himself forward, in the ardor of his admiration, with the intention of running to his bride and dropping on one knee at her stirrup, while he would gaze into her face with adoring humility. And as the king rushed forward with this impulse, the populace cheered with the wildest enthusiasm at finding him thus capable of the feelings of an ordinary man.

But in an instant a scene of the wildest commotion ensued. At the very first step which the king took beyond the end of the carpet, his face grew suddenly white, and, with a loud cry of pain, he fell fainting to the earth. He was immediately surrounded by the anxious courtiers; and the court physician, after feeling his pulse for several minutes, and inquiring very carefully of the grand vizier whether his majesty had on that day eaten any green fruit, was in the act of announcing that it was a violent attack of a very Greek disease indeed, when the bride (who had dismounted and run to her royal lord with wifely devotion) called the attention of the excited courtiers to his majesty's left great toe. It was immediately discovered that, in his first precipitate step from off the carpet to the bare ground, his majesty had set his foot upon a very rugged pebble, the effect of which upon tender

feet accustomed to nothing but velvet, had caused him to swoon with pain.

As soon as the King of Nimporte opened his



SOMETHING HAPPENS TO HIS MAJESTY.

eyes in his own palace, where he had been quickly conveyed and ministered to by the bride, he called his trembling grand vizier and inquired to whom belonged the houses at that portion of the street where his unfortunate accident

had occurred. Upon learning the names of these unhappy property-owners, he instantly ordered that they and their entire kindred should be beheaded, and the adjacent houses burned for the length of a quarter of a mile.

The king further instructed the grand vizier



THE VIZIER IMPARTS THE KING'S DECREE.

that he should instantly convene the cabinet of councillors and devise with them some means of covering the whole earth with leather, in order that all possibility of such accidents to the kings of Nimporte might be completely prevented—adding, that if the cabinet should fail, not only in devising the plan, but in actually carrying it out within the next three days, then the whole body of councillors should be executed on the very spot where the king's foot was bruised.

Then the king kissed his bride, and was very happy.

But the grand vizier, having communicated these instructions to his colleagues of the cabinet—namely, the postmaster-general, the praetor, the sachem, and the three Scribes-and-Pharisees—proceeded to his own home, and consulted his wife, whose advice he was accustomed to follow with the utmost faithfulness. After thinking steadily for two days and nights, on the morning of the third day the grand vizier's wife advised him to pluck out his beard, to tear up his garments, and to make his will; declaring that she could not, upon the most mature deliberation, conceive of any course more appropriate to the circumstances.

The grand vizier was in the act of separating his last pair of bag-trousers into very minute strips indeed, when a knocking at the door arrested his hand, and in a moment afterward the footman ushered in a young man of very sickly complexion, attired in the seediest possible manner. The grand vizier immediately recognized him as a person well known about Nimporte for a sort of loafer, given to mooning about the clover-fields, and to meditating upon things in general, but not commonly regarded as ever likely to set a river on fire.

"O grand vizier!" said this young person, "I have come to say that if you will procure the attendance of the king and court to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock in front of the palace,



THE GRAND VIZIER'S VISITOR.

I will cover the whole earth with leather for his majesty in five minutes."

Then the grand vizier arose in the quietest possible manner, and kicked the young person down the back-stairs; and when he had reached the bottom stair, the grand vizier tenderly lifted

him in his arms and carried him back to the upper landing, and then kicked him down the front-stairs—in fact, quite out of the front gate.

Having accomplished these matters satisfactorily, the grand vizier returned with a much lighter heart, and completed a draft of his last will and testament for his lawyer, who was to call at eleven.

Punctually at the appointed time—being exactly three days from the hour when the grand vizier received his instructions—the King of Nimporte and all his court, together with a great mass of citizens, assembled at the scene of the accident to witness the decapitation of the entire cabinet. The headsman had previously arranged his apparatus; and presently the six unfortunate wise men were seen standing with hands tied behind, and with heads bent forward meekly over the six blocks in a row.

The executioner advanced and lifted a long and glittering sword. He was in the act of bringing it down with terrific force upon the neck of the grand vizier, when a stir was observed in the crowd, which quickly increased to a commotion so great that the king raised his hand and bade the executioner wait until he could ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

In a moment more, the young person appeared in the open space which had been reserved for the court, and with a mingled air of proud self-confidence and of shrinking reserve, made his obeisance before the king.

"O king of the whole earth!" he said, "if within the next five minutes I shall have covered the whole earth with leather for your majesty, will your gracious highness remit the sentence which has been pronounced upon the wise men of the cabinet?"

It was impossible for the king to refuse.

"Will your majesty then be kind enough to advance your right foot?"

The young person kneeled, and drawing a bundle from his bosom, for a moment manipulated the king's right foot in a manner which the courtiers could not very well understand.

"Will your majesty now advance your majesty's left foot?" said the young person again; and again he manipulated.

"Will your majesty now walk forth upon the stones?" said the young person; and his majesty walked forth upon the stones.

"Will your majesty now answer: If your majesty should walk over the entire globe, would not your majesty's feet find leather between them and the earth the whole way?"

"It is true," said his majesty.

"Will your majesty further answer: Is not the whole earth, so far as your majesty is concerned, now covered with leather?"

"It is true," said his majesty.



THE KING ADVANCES HIS RIGHT FOOT.

"O king of the whole earth, what is it?" cried the whole court in one breath.

"In fact, my lords and gentlemen," said the king, "I have on, what has never been known in the whole great kingdom of Nimporte until this moment, a pair of—of——"

And here the king looked inquiringly at the young person.

"Let us call them—shoes," said the young person.

Then the king, walking to and fro over the



HIS MAJESTY WALKED FORTH UPON THE STONES.

pebbles with the greatest comfort and security, looked inquiringly at him. "Who are you?" asked his majesty.

"I belong," said the young person, "to the tribe of the poets—who make the earth tolerable for the feet of man."

Then the king turned to his cabinet, and pacing along in front of the six blocks, pointed to his feet, and inquired:

"What do you think of this invention?"

"I do not like it; I cannot understand it; I think the part of wisdom is always to reject the unintelligible; I therefore advise your majesty to refuse it," said the grand vizier, who was really so piqued that he would much rather have been beheaded than live to see the triumph of the young person whom he had kicked down both pairs of stairs.

It is worthy of note, however, that when the grand vizier found himself in his own apartments, alive and safe, he gave a great leap into the air and whirled himself with joy, as on a former occasion.

The postmaster-general also signified his disapproval. "I do not like it," said he; "they are not rights and lefts; I therefore advise your majesty to refuse the invention."

The praetor was like minded. "It will not do," he said; "it is clearly obnoxious to the overwhelming objection that there is absolutely nothing objectionable about it; in my judgment, this should be sufficient to authorize your majesty's prompt refusal of the expedient and the decapitation of the inventor."



HE GAVE A GREAT LEAP INTO THE AIR AND WHIRLED HIMSELF WITH JOY.

"Moreover," added the sachem, "if your majesty once wears them, then every man, woman and child, will desire to have his, her, and its whole earth covered with leather; which will create such a demand for hides, that there will shortly be not a bullock or a cow in your majesty's dominions; if your majesty will but contemplate the state of this kingdom without beef and butter—there seems no more room for argument!"

"But these objections," cried the three Scribes-and-Pharisees, "although powerful enough in themselves, O king of the whole earth, have not yet touched the most heinous fault of this inventor, and that is, that there is no reserved force about this invention; the young person has actually done the very best he could in the most candid manner; this is clearly in violation of the rules of art—witness the artistic restraint of our own behavior in this matter!"

Then the King of Nimporte said: "O wise men of my former cabinet, your wisdom seems folly; I will rather betake me to the counsels of the poet, and he shall be my sole adviser for the future; as for you, live—but live in shame for the littleness of your souls!" And he dismissed them from his presence in disgrace.

It was then that the King of Nimporte ut-

tered that proverb which has since become so famous among the Persians; for, turning away



THE KING DISMISSES HIS CABINET IN DISGRACE.

to his palace, with his bride on one arm and the young person on the other, he said:

"*To him who wears a shoe, it is as if the whole earth was covered with leather.*"

II

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

It is now about seven hundred and thirty years ago that a remarkable book suddenly appeared in England, which, under the rather commonplace name of "History of the Britons," professed to give an account of a number of ancient British kings living both before and after Christ, who had never been heard of in history before.

One of these kings was Arthur, whose adventures, under the advice of his prophet, Merlin, and with the help of his special company of knights, were set forth with much fulness. Its author, Geoffrey of Monmouth—who, I think, would feel obliged if you would not pronounce his name Gee-of-frey, as does a young lady of my acquaintance, but plain Jeffrey—claimed to have translated a Welsh book, which a friend had brought him, and which contained the histories of these kings. Whether Geoffrey's story of the Welsh book was true or not—a point on which the world divided in his own

day, and has never yet come together—really makes little difference. Here, at any rate, the story of King Arthur got fairly into literature for the first time. Writers from every side took up the Arthurian story, retold it in prose and verse, changed it, added to it, and in various ways worked upon it, until finally five great romances, besides a host of smaller ones, grew up, which far outran Geoffrey's original, and which continued the delight of Europe for three hundred years. Not that they ceased then; but they began a fresh career, with the invention of printing.

About the time when King Richard III. cast the little princes, his nephews, into the Tower, and while the Wars of the Roses were still smouldering, it happened one day that some English gentlemen asked sturdy old William Caxton—who had recently set up the first printing-press in England, at Westminster Abbey—why, among the books he was sending forth, he had not printed the famous history of King Arthur? At other times the question was repeated; and upon looking about for a suitable work on this subject to print, it was found that some years before—about 1469 or 1470—an English knight named Sir Thomas Malory had collected the five great "Romances" just now mentioned,

cut out part, added much, rearranged the whole, and made it into one continuous story, or novel, all centring about the court of King Arthur, and ending with the mournful wars between him and Sir Launcelot on the one side, and Sir Mordred on the other, in which the great king is finally killed, and the Round Table is broken up forever.

This book Caxton printed, finishing it, as he tells us, on the last day of July, 1485; and it is this book which now, nearly four hundred years afterward, has been reprinted in an edition for boys, from which the engravings accompanying this sketch are taken.

It is, therefore, with the pleasant sense of introducing an old English classic to young English readers that I comply with the request for some account of Sir Thomas Malory's book, which may bring it before younger minds than those for whom the introduction to the work itself was written.

Before giving some sample stories out of Sir Thomas, it is well to have a clear understanding of the idea upon which it is plain that all his tales are strung, like necklace beads on a golden wire. This idea is chivalry.

The first principle, we may say, of the old-time chivalry was the tender protection of weak-

ness; and such we may fairly call the main motive which holds together all the people about King Arthur: the protection of the weak. That is the ideal business of the knight-errant. When the young cavalier rides forth on a bright morning, all armed, and singing, his jousts and fights with those whom he meets, even if their direct object is not the succor of some distress, are considered by him as mere training and exercise for helpful deeds; and if he tries, in the old phrase, "to win worship" ("worship" being a short way of saying *worthship,* that is, the esteem of worthiness), his worship is always at the service of helplessness.

You can now, perhaps, more clearly understand what is really beneath all this stir of battle and adventure in Sir Thomas's book. The general sweep of the story, as he has put it together, is this: Old King Uther Pendragon having died, there is trouble who shall be king in his place. During this trouble, one day, a stone appears with a sword sticking in it; and who can draw out that sword from the stone, he shall be king. Many try, and fail; until at last a boy named Arthur, who has been brought up by the prophet Merlin, and who is (though not so known) really the son of Uther, takes the sword by the hilt and draws it out with ease. He be-

comes King Arthur, and straightway gathers about him a company of strong and faithful knights, who form a brilliant court, around which all the adventures of the time thereafter seem to turn. The story now for a while goes mainly upon Sir Launcelot of the Lake, the strongest knight of the world; and many wild adventures of his are related. The main figure then, for a little while, becomes one Sir Gareth, of Orkney, who was nicknamed Beaumains. He comes one day in disguise to Arthur's court, and begs to be allowed to serve in Arthur's kitchen for a year. Unheeding the scornful jokes of the by-standers, he passes his year in the kitchen; but he is always at hand when any deed of arms is going on about the palace. At the end of the year, a person in distress appears one day at Arthur's palace, and asks that some knight will undertake a desperate enterprise. Beaumains begs the honor; and, amid many jeers, for many days, always scorned and flouted, fights battle after battle, with knight after knight, conquers them, and binds them to appear at King Arthur's court on a certain time, as his prisoners, and finally wins such worship that all jeers are silenced, and he is triumphantly made Knight of the Round Table.

We are now introduced to a new hero, Sir

Tristam de Lyonesse, who is beset with the toils of the ungrateful and treacherous King Mark of Cornwall, and by many wanderings and adventures comes to King Arthur's court, where he is made Knight of the Round Table, and is the strongest knight of all the world save Sir Launcelot. A great change here comes upon the story. It is noised that the Holy Cup called the "Saint Grail," in which the blood of the Saviour was said to have been caught as it flowed, had been preserved by Joseph of Arimathea, and is now in England, full of miraculous powers.

At this, all the knights depart in search of it, and we have the wonderful adventures of the famous "Quest of the Saint Grail," during which Sir Galahad, the purest knight of the whole world, comes upon the scene, with the gentle and winning Sir Percival. Sir Galahad finds the Holy Grail, and dies soon afterward; the knights—those who are left alive—return to King Arthur's court, and he, who had spent his days in sorrowful foreboding ever since they departed, dreams again of renewing his old brilliant Round Table. But a shadow soon darkens the court, and presently overglooms all. Queen Guenever makes a great banquet to the returned knights, and all is merry until suddenly

a knight tastes of an apple and falls down dead. The kinsmen of that knight accuse the queen of poisoning him; and she is condemned to be burned, unless by a certain day a champion appear to prove her innocence by the gage of battle.

The day comes, the stake and fire are made ready; but Sir Launcelot in disguise dashes into the lists and defeats her accuser. Nevertheless, treachery and discord are now at work; Sir Mordred is plotting; Sir Gawaine conceives a violent hatred against Sir Launcelot; King Arthur allows Sir Gawaine to lead him; and presently we have the forces of King Arthur besieging Sir Launcelot in his castle of Joyous Gard; the talk over the walls here between Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawaine; the magnificent control of Sir Launcelot, who ever tries to avoid the war; the patient goodliness with which he reasons away the taunts of Gawaine and the king; the care with which he instructs his knights and soldiers to do no harm to King Arthur, on pain of death; and the tender loyalty with which, one day, he himself rescues King Arthur, who has been hurt and thrown, sets the king on horseback, and conducts him into safety; all these are here told with such simple art and strength as must strike the soul of every reader,

old and young. Finally King Arthur, after twice levying war upon Sir Launcelot, is recalled by the treachery of Sir Mordred, whom he left in charge of the kingdom, but who has taken advantage of his absence to seize the realm into his own hands, and is even trying to compel Queen Guenever to be his wife. Many battles follow, until, in a great final struggle, Arthur is wounded to death, in the act of killing Mordred; and the scene closes with the pathetic and beautiful departure of Sir Launcelot from this world; who, with some old companions that remained, had become holy men after the death of their king, and served God until He took them to Him.

In the two engravings given herewith, the artist has very pleasantly endeavored to make us eye-witnesses of at least the critical moments in some of the adventures with which our "History of King Arthur" overflows; and I cannot do better than give you, in Sir Thomas's own words, as far as possible, an outline of the stories thus illustrated.

In looking, then, at the picture called "Sir Ector and Sir Turquine," please fancy that, on a certain morning, Sir Launcelot finds that he has rested and played long enough at court since the great Roman victories of King Arthur, and,



SIR ECTOR AND SIR TURQUINE

turning his back upon the gay life there, sets forth, with his nephew, Sir Lionel, through forest and plain, upon knight-errantry. The two straightway fall into adventures enough; but meantime Sir Ector, with whom we are here concerned, discovering that Sir Launcelot has left the court, through great love and anxiety hurries forth after him, to help him, if need be. "Then," says Sir Thomas, "when Sir Ector had ridden long in a great forest, he met with a man that was like a forester. 'Fair sir,' said Sir Ector, 'knowest thou in this country any adventures that be here nigh-hand?'

" 'Sir,' said the forester, 'this country know I well, and hereby within this mile is a strong manor and well dyked' " (that is, *moated*), " 'and by that manor, on the left hand, there is a fair ford for horses to drink of, and over that ford there groweth a fair tree, and thereon hangeth many fair shields, which have been conquered from good knights; and at the hollow of the tree hangeth a bason of copper; strike upon that bason with the butt of thy spear thrice, and soon after thou shalt hear new tidings.' " Sir Ector thanks him, and, upon riding up to the tree, finds it all be-hung with shields, which some victorious knight has won from their owners and thus displayed. Upon looking more closely,

Sir Ector is stricken with grief to see hanging there the shield of his brother, Sir Lionel. He is inflamed to right this matter. "Then anon Sir Ector beat on the bason as he were wood" (that is, *crazy*), "and then he gave his horse drink at the ford; and there came a knight behind him and bade him come out of the water and make him ready; and Sir Ector turned him shortly, and in rest cast his spear, and smote the other knight a great buffet that his horse turned twice about. 'This was well done,' said the strong knight, 'and knightly thou hast stricken me'; and therewith he rushed his horse on Sir Ector, and caught him under his right arm, and bare him clean out of his saddle"—as you see in the engraving—"and rode with him away into his own hall, and threw him down in the midst of the floor. The name of this knight was Sir Turquine." It is not long, however, before Sir Launcelot, after passing through many toils and enchantments—spread about him by four queens who had taken him sleeping—fares hither, defeats the strong Sir Turquine in a terrible fight, and delivers Sir Ector, along with a great number of prisoned knights.

In another engraving, called "Sir Beaumains and the Black Knight," we have one of the numerous encounters in the long series which

was undertaken for a damsel by our Sir Gareth of Orkney, already mentioned in the general sketch. He had been nicknamed "Beaumains" by Sir Kay, for the largeness of his hands; but with incredible meekness, long-suffering, strength, and valor, he made the name one of the most honorable at Arthur's court. After riding forth with the damsel upon her adventure; after overcoming several knights; after enduring the bitter tongue of the very damsel he is fighting for, who ever chides him as a base "kitchen-knave," better among pots and pans than swords and armor: one day Beaumains "rode with that lady till even-song time"—vespers—"and ever she chid him, and would not rest.

"And then they came to a black lawn, and there was a black hawthorn, and thereon hung a black banner, and on the other side there hung a black shield, and by it stood a black spear, great and long, and a great black horse covered with silk, and a black stone fast by. There sat a knight all armed in black harness, and his name was 'The Knight of the Black Lawn.'" The damsel advises Beaumains to flee. "Gramercy," says Beaumains, and quietly holds his ground. The Black Knight asks if this is the damsel's champion. "Nay, fair knight," said

she, "this is but a kitchen-knave that was fed in King Arthur's kitchen for alms."

Thereupon, after some talk with the damsel, the Black Knight concludes to be merciful to the kitchen-knave, and says: "This much shall I grant you. I shall put him down upon one foot, and his horse and his harness" (his "harness" is his *armor*) "shall he leave with me, for it were shame to me to do him any more harm." But Beaumains, the kitchen-knave, is not so minded. "Sir knight," he says, and one can easily enough fancy that his chin is a little in the air, and his neck-muscle straight, and his voice marvellous low and steady—"Sir knight, thou art full liberal of my horse and harness; I let thee know it cost thee naught; and whether it like thee or not, this lawn will I pass maugre" (in spite of) "thine head; and horse nor harness gettest thou none of me, but if thou win them with thy hands; and therefore let see what thou canst do."

Then they departed with their horses, and came together as it had been the thunder; and the Black Knight's spear broke, and Beaumains thrust his through both his sides, and therewith his spear broke, and the truncheon left still in the side. But, nevertheless, the Black Knight drew his sword and smote many eager strokes,



SIR BEAUMAINS AND THE BLACK KNIGHT

one of which strokes the Black Knight, with the truncheon sticking in his side, is just delivering upon Beaumains's shield, in the picture—"and hurt Beaumains full sore."

The battle, however, is won, after great tribulation, by Beaumains; who then goes on to many adventures, still reasoning away the bitter scoldings of the damsel, until finally—as he had announced at starting—he "wins worship worshipfully," marries a fair bride won in the course of his adventures, and has all men to his friends.

And so runs the record of numberless like adventures, until those last days when the fair fellowship ends with the death of King Arthur.

III

THE LEGEND OF ST. LEONOR

THE LEGEND OF ST. LEONOR

ONCE upon a time St. Leonor, with sixty disciples, came to an inhospitable region at the mouth of the Rance in Armorica, and settled. Their food was of the rudest description, being only what they could obtain from the woods and waters. One day the good Bishop Leonor, while praying, happened to see a small bird carrying a grain of wheat in its beak. He immediately set a monk to watching the bird, with instructions to follow it when it flew away. The monk followed the bird, and was led to a place in the forest, where he found several stalks of wheat growing. This was probably the last relic of some ancient Gallo-Roman farm. St. Leonor, on learning the news, was overjoyed. "We must clear the forest and cultivate the ground," he exclaimed, and immediately put the sixty at work. Now the work was hard, and the sixty disciples groaned with tribulation as they toiled and sweated over the stubborn oaks and the briery underbrush. But when they came to plough, the labor seemed beyond all human en-

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durance. I do not know how they ploughed; but it is fair to suspect that they had nothing better than forked branches of the gnarly oaks with sharpened points for ploughs, and as there is no mention of cattle in the legend, the presumption is fair that these good brothers hitched themselves to the plough and pulled. This presumption is strengthened by the circumstance that, in a short time, the sixty rebelled outright. They begged the Bishop to abandon agriculture and go away from that place.

But the stout old father would not recede. No; we must get into beneficial relations with this soil. Then the monks assembled together by night, and, having compared opinions, found it the sense of the meeting that they should leave the very next day, even at pain of the abandonment of the Bishop. So, next morning, when they were about to go, behold! a miracle stopped them: twelve magnificent stags marched proudly out of the forest and stood by the ploughs, as if inviting the yoke. The monks seized the opportunity. They harnessed the stags, and these diligently drew the ploughs all that day. When the day's work was done, and the stags were loosed from harness, they retired into the forest. But next morning the faithful wild creatures again made their appearance and submitted their

royal necks to the yoke. Five weeks and three days did these animals labor for the brethren.

When the ground was thoroughly prepared, the Bishop pronounced his blessing upon the stags, and they passed quietly back into the recesses of the forest. Then the Bishop sowed his wheat, and that field was the father of a thousand other wheat-fields, and of a thousand other homes, with all the amenities and sweetnesses which are implied in that ravishing word.

Now, here is the point of this legend in this place. Of course, the twelve stags did not appear from the forest and plough; and yet the story is true. The thing which actually happened was that the Bishop Leonor, by his intelligence, foresight, practical wisdom, and faithful perseverance, reclaimed a piece of stubborn and impracticable ground, and made it good, arable soil. (It is also probable that the story was immediately suggested by the retaming of cattle which the ancient Gallo-Roman people had allowed to run wild. The bishops did this sometimes.) This was a practical enough thing; it is being done every day; it was just as prosaic as any commercial transaction.

But, mark you, the people—for this legend is a pure product of the popular imagination of Brittany—the people who came after saw how

the prosaic wheat-field of the Bishop had flowered into the poetical happiness of the rude and wild inhabitants who began to gather about his wheat-patch, and to plant fields and build homes of their own; and, seeing that the prose had actually become thus poetic, the people (who love to tell things as they really are, and in their deeper relations)—the people have related it in terms of poetry. The bird and the stags are terms of poetry. But, notice again, that these are not silly, poetic licenses; they are not merely a child's embellishments of a story; the bird and the stags are *not* real; but they *are* true.

For what do they mean? They mean the power of Nature. They mean, as here inserted, that if a man go forth, sure of his mission, fervently loving his fellow-men, working for their benefit; if he adhere to his mission through good and evil report; if he resist all endeavor to turn him from it, and faithfully stand to his purpose —presently he will succeed; for the powers of Nature will come forth out of the recesses of the universe and offer themselves as draught-animals to his plough. The popular legend is merely an affirmation in concrete forms of this principle; the people, who are all poets, know this truth. We moderns, indeed—we, whose practical experiences beggar the wildest dreams

of antiquity—have seen a wilder (beast) creature than a stag come out of the woods for a faithful man. We have seen steam come and plough the seas for Fulton; we have seen lightning come and plough the wastes of space for Franklin and Morse.

IV

POEMS

TAMPA ROBINS

THE robin laughed in the orange-tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee:
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
 Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me
 —Sunlight, song, and the orange-tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
My orange-planets: crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
 And thrid the heavenly orange-tree
 With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

"If that I hate wild winter's spite—
The gibbet trees, the world in white,
The sky but gray wind over a grave—
Why should I ache, the season's slave?
 I'll sing from the top of the orange-tree
 Gramercy, winter's tyranny.

"I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
My wing is king of the summer-time;

My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
And I'll call down through the green and gold
Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,
Bestir thee under the orange-tree."

STREET-CRIES

Oft seems the Time a market-town
Where many merchant-spirits meet
Who up and down and up and down
Cry out along the street

Their needs, as wares; one *thus,* one *so:*
Till all the ways are full of sound:
—But still come rain, and sun, and snow,
And still the world goes round.

BARNACLES

I

My soul is sailing through the sea,
But the Past is heavy and hindereth me.
The Past hath crusted cumbrous shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea-mells
About my soul.

The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole
And hindereth me from sailing!

II

Old Past let go, and drop i' the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The day to find.
Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind,
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing.

FAME

SPINNING a web to hang i' the sun
To catch that Butterfly, Fame;
But when he's fastened, and all's done,
What have I then for game?

A fly with two black spots on his wings
And a slim, slim body between,
Whose legs are the slenderest, weakest things!
And I've even rubbed off his sheen.

THE TOURNAMENT

JOUST FIRST

I

BRIGHT shone the lists, blue bent the skies,
And the knights still hurried amain,
To the tournament under the ladies' eyes,
Where the jousters were Heart and Brain.

II

Flourished the trumpets: entered Heart,
A youth in crimson and gold.
Flourished again: Brain stood apart,
Steel-armored, dark and cold.

III

Heart's palfrey caracoled gayly round,
Heart tra-li-ra'd merrily;
But Brain sat still, with never a sound,
So cynical-calm was he.

IV

Heart's helmet-crest bore favors three
From his lady's white hand caught;

While Brain wore a plumeless casque; not he,
Or favor gave or sought.

V

The herald blew; Heart shot a glance,
To find his lady's eye,
But Brain gazed straight ahead, his lance
To aim more faithfully.

VI

They charged, they struck; both fell, both bled,
Brain rose again, ungloved,
Heart, dying, smiled, and faintly said,
"My love to my beloved."

JOUST SECOND

I

A-MANY sweet eyes wept and wept,
A-many bosoms heaved again;
A-many dainty dead hopes slept
With yonder Heart-knight prone o' the plain.

II

Yet stars will burn through any mists,
And the ladies' eyes, through rains of fate,
Still beamed upon the bloody lists,
And lit the joust of Love and Hate.

III

O strange! or ere a trumpet blew,
Or ere a challenge-word was given,
A knight leapt down i' the lists; none knew
Whether he sprang from earth or heaven.

IV

His cheek was soft as a lily-bud,
His gray eyes calmed his youth's alarm;
Nor helm nor hauberk nor even a hood
Had he to shield his life from harm.

V

No falchion from his baldric swung,
He wore a white rose in its place.
No dagger at his girdle hung,
But only an olive-branch, for grace.

VI

And "Come, thou poor mistaken knight,"
Cried Love, unarmed, yet dauntless there,
"Come on, God pity thee!—I fight
Sans sword, sans shield; yet, Hate, beware!"

VII

Spurred furious Hate; he foamed at mouth,
His breath was hot upon the air,
His breath scorched souls, as a dry drought
Withers green trees and burns them bare.

VIII

Straight drives he at his enemy,
His hairy hands grip lance in rest,
His lance gleams full bitterly,
God!—gleams, true-point, on Love's bare breast!

IX

Love's gray eyes glow with a heaven-heat,
Love lifts his hand in a saintly prayer;
Look! Hate hath fallen at his feet!
Look! Hate hath vanished in the air!

X

Then all the throng looked kind on all;
Eyes yearned, lips kissed, dumb souls were freed;
Two magic maids' hands lifted a pall,
And the dead knight, Heart, sprang on his steed.

XI

Then Love cried, "Break me his lance each knight!
Ye shall fight for blood-athirst Fame no more!"
And the knights all doffed their mailèd might
And dealt out dole on dole to the poor.

XII

Then dove-flights sanctified the plain,
And hawk and sparrow shared a nest.
And the great sea opened and swallowed Pain,
And out of this water-grave floated Rest!

A SONG OF THE FUTURE

SAIL fast, sail fast,
Ark of my hopes, Ark of my dreams;
Sweep lordly o'er the drownèd Past,
Fly glittering through the sun's strange beams;

Sail fast, sail fast.
Breaths of new buds from off some drying lea
With news about the Future scent the sea;
My brain is beating like the heart of Haste;
I'll loose me a bird upon this Present waste;

Go, trembling song,
And stay not long; oh, stay not long:
Thou'rt only a gray and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith and thy wing is love.

LIFE AND SONG

"If life were caught by a clarionet,
And a wild heart, throbbing in the reed,
Should thrill its joy and trill its fret,
And utter its heart in every deed,

"Then would this breathing clarionet,
Type what the poet fain would be;
For none o' the singers ever yet
Has wholly lived his minstrelsy,

"Or clearly sung his true, true thought,
Or utterly bodied forth his life,
Or out of life and song has wrought
The perfect one of man and wife;

"Or lived and sung, that Life and Song
Might each express the other's all,
Careless if life or art were long,
Since both were one, to stand or fall:

"So that the wonder struck the crowd,
Who shouted it about the land:
His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hand!"

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT UP THE ALABAMA

YOU, Dinah! Come and set me whar de ribber-roads does meet.
De Lord, *He* made dese black-jack roots to twis' into a seat.
Umph, dar! De Lord have mussy on dis blin' ole nigger's feet.

It 'pear to me dis mornin' I kin smell de fust o' June.
I 'clar', I b'lieve dat mockin'-bird could play de fidd'e soon!
Dem yonder town-bells sounds like dey was ringin' in de moon.

Well, ef dis nigger *is* been blind for fo'ty year or mo',
Dese ears, *dey* sees de world, like, th'u' de cracks dat's in de do'.
For de Lord has built dis body wid de windows 'hind and 'fo'.

I know my front ones *is* stopped up, and things
is sort o' dim,
But den, th'u' *dem,* temptation's rain won't leak
in on ole Jim!
De back ones show me earth enough, aldo' dey's
mons'ous slim.

And as for Hebben—bless de Lord, and praise
His holy name—
Dat shines in all de co'ners of dis cabin jes' de
same
As ef dat cabin hadn't nar' a plank upon de
frame!

Who *call* me? Listen down de ribber, Dinah!
Don't you hyar
Somebody holl'in' "*Hoo, Jim, hoo?*" My Sarah
died las' y'ar;
Is dat black angel done come back to call ole
Jim f'om hyar?

My stars, dat cain't be Sarah, shuh! Jes' listen,
Dinah, *now!*
What *kin* be comin' up dat bend, a-makin' sich a
row?
Fus' bellerin' like a pawin' bull, den squealin',
like a sow?

De Lord 'a' mussy, sakes alive, jes' hear—ker-woof, ker-woof—
De Debble's comin' round dat bend, he's comin' shuh enuff,
A-splashin' up de water wid his tail and wid his hoof!

I'se pow'ful skeered; but neversomeless I ain't gwine run away:
I'm gwine to stand stiff-legged for de Lord dis blessèd day.
You screech, and swish de water, Satan! I'se a-gwine to pray.

O hebbenly Marster, what Thou willest, dat mus' be jes' so,
And ef Thou hast bespoke de word, some nigger's bound to go.
Den, Lord, please take old Jim, and le'v' young Dinah hyar below!

'Scuse Dinah, 'scuse her, Marster; for she's sich a little chile,
She hardly jes' begin to scramble up de homeyard stile,
But dis ole traveller's feet been tired dis many a many mile!

I'se wufless as de rotten pole of las' year's fodder-
stack.
De rheumatiz done bit my bones; you hear 'em
crack and crack?
I cain't sit down 'dout gruntin' like 'twas break-
in' o' my back.

What use de wheel, when hub and spokes is
warped and split, and rotten?
What use dis dried-up cotton-stalk, when Life
done picked my cotton?
I'se like a word dat somebody said, and den done
been forgotten.

But Dinah! Shuh dat gal jes' like dis little
hick'ry tree,
De sap's jes' risin' in her; she do grow owda-
ciouslee—
Lord, ef you's cl'arin' de underbrush, don't cut
her down, cut me!

I would not proud presume—but I'll boldly make
reques';
Sence Jacob had dat wrastlin'-match, I, too,
gwine do my bes';
When Jacob got all underholt, de Lord he an-
swered yes!

And what for waste de vittles, now, and th'ow
away de bread,
Jes' for to strength dese idle hands to scratch dis
ole bald head?
T'ink of de 'conomy, Marster, ef dis ole Jim
was dead!

Stop;—ef I don't believe de Debble's gone on
up de stream!
Jes' now he squealed down dar; hush; dat's a
mighty weakly scream!
Yas, sir, he's gone; he snort 'way off, like in a
dream!

O glory hallelujah to de Lord dat reigns on
high!
De Debble's fai'ly skeered to def, he done gone
flyin' by;
I know'd he couldn't stand dat pra'r, I felt my
Marster nigh!

You, Dinah; ain't you 'shamed, now, dat you
didn' trust to grace?
I heerd you thrashin' th'u' de bushes when he
showed his face!
You fool, you think de Debble couldn't beat *you*
in a race?

I tell you, Dinah, jes' as shuh as you is standin' dar,
When folks starts prayin', answer-angels drops down th'u' de a'r.
Yas, Dinah, whar 'ould you be now, jes' 'ceptin' fur dat pra'r?

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The wilful water-weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,

And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall

Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

V

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR

I

EARLY HISTORY OF SAN ANTONIO

If peculiarities were quills, San Antonio de Bexar would be a rare porcupine. Over all the round of aspects in which a thoughtful mind may view a city, it bristles with striking contrasts. Its history, population, climate, location, architecture, soil, water, customs, costumes, horses, cattle, all attract the stranger's attention. It was a puling infant for a century and a quarter, yet has grown to a pretty vigorous youth in a quarter of a century; its inhabitants are so varied that the "go slow" directions over its bridges are printed in three languages, and the religious services in its churches held in four; the thermometer, the barometer, the vane, oscillate so rapidly, so frequently, so lawlessly, that the climate is simply indescribable, yet it is a growing resort for consumptives; it stands with all its gay prosperity just in the edge of a lonesome, untilled belt of land one hundred and fifty miles wide; it has no Sunday laws, and that day finds

its bar-rooms and billiard-saloons as freely open and as fully attended as its churches; its buildings, ranging from the Mexican *jacal* to the San Fernando Cathedral, represent all the progressive stages of man's architectural progress in edifices of mud, of wood, of stone, of iron, and of combinations of those materials; its soil is in wet weather an inky-black cement, but in dry a floury-white powder; it is built along both banks of two limpid streams, yet it drinks rain-water collected in cisterns; its horses and mules are from Lilliput, while its oxen are from Brobdingnag.

San Antonio de Bexar, Texas, had its birth in 1715. Spain had not intended to allow any settlements, as yet, in that part of her province of the New Philippines which embraced what is now called Texas. In the then situation of her affairs, this policy was not without some reasons to support it. She had valuable possessions in New Mexico: between these possessions and the French settlements to the eastward intervened an enormous breadth of country, whose obstacles against intruders, appalling enough in themselves, were yet magnified by the shadowy terrors that haunt an unknown land. Why not fortify her New Mexican silver-mines with these barriers, droughts, deserts, mountains, rivers,

savages, and nameless fears? Surely, if enclosure could be made impregnable, this would seem to be so; and accordingly the Spanish Government had finally determined, in 1694, not to revive the feeble posts and missions which had been established four years previously with a view to make head against the expedition of La Salle, but which had been abandoned already by soldier and friar, in consequence of the want of food and the ferocity of the savages.

But in 1712, Anthony Crozat, an enterprising French merchant, obtained from Louis XIV. a conditional grant to the whole of the French province of Louisiana. Crozat believed that a lucrative trade might be established with the northeastern provinces of Mexico, and that mines might exist in his territory. To test these beliefs, young Huchereau St. Denis, acting under instructions from Cadillac, who had been appointed Governor of Louisiana by Crozat's influence, started westward, left a nucleus of a settlement at Natchitoches, and proceeded across the country to the Rio Grande, where his explorations, after romantic adventures too numerous to be related here, came to an inglorious suspension with his seizure and imprisonment by the Spanish authorities in Mexico.

It was this expedition which produced the pre-

mature result hereinbefore alluded to. Spain saw that instead of surrounding New Mexico with inhospitable wastes and ferocious savages, she was in reality but leaving France free to occupy whatever advantage might be found in that prodigious Debatable Land, which was claimed by both and was held by neither.

Perhaps this consideration was heightened by Spain's consciousness that the flimsiness of her title to that part of the "New Philippines" which lay east of the Rio Grande really required an actual occupation in order to bolster it up. Pretty much all that she could prove in support of her claim was, that in 1494 Pope Alexander VI., acting as arbitrator between Portugal and Spain, had assigned to the latter all of the American possessions that lay west of a meridian running three hundred and seventy miles west of the Azores; that De Leon, De Ayllon, De Narvaez, and De Soto, in voyages made between the years 1512 and 1538, had sailed from Cape Florida to Cape Catorce; and that Philip II. had denounced the penalty of extermination against any foreigner who should enter the Gulf of Mexico or any of the lands bordering thereupon.

These were, to say the least, but indefinite claims to title; and to them France could oppose the unquestionable fact that La Salle had coasted

the shore of Texas westward to Corpus Christi inlet, had returned along the same route, had explored bays and rivers and named them, and had finally built a fort in 1685. Here now, in 1714, to crown all, was the daring young Lord Huchereau St. Denis traversing the whole land from Natchitoches to the Rio Grande, and thrusting in his audacious face like an apparition of energy upon the sleepy routines of post-life and mission-life at San Juan Bautista.

This was alarming, and in 1715 the Duke of Linares, Viceroy of Mexico, despatched Don Domingo Ramon to Texas with a party of troops and some Franciscan friars, to take steps for the permanent occupation of the country. Ramon established several forts and missions; among others he located a fort on the western bank of San Pedro River, a small stream flowing through the western suburbs of the present city of San Antonio de Bexar. This fort was called San Antonio de Valero. In May, 1718, certain Franciscans, of the College of Queretaro, established a mission under the protection of the fort, calling it by the same invocation, San Antonio de Valero. It was this mission whose Church of the Alamo afterward shed so red a glory upon the Texan revolution. It had been founded fifteen years before, in the valley of the Rio Grande, under

the invocation of San Francisco Solano; had been removed in 1708, and again removed back to the Rio Grande in 1710 under the new invocation of San José. It had not indeed yet reached the end of its wanderings. In 1722, both the fortress and mission of San Antonio de Valero were removed to what is now known as the Military Plaza, and a permanent system of improvements begun.

Here then, with sword and crozier, Spain set to work at once to reduce her wild claim into possession, and to fulfil the condition upon which Pope Alexander had granted her the country—of Christianizing its natives. One cannot but lean one's head on one's hand to dream out, for a moment, this old Military Plaza—most singular spot on the wide expanse of the lonesome Texan prairies—as it was a hundred and fifty years ago. The rude buildings, the church, the hospital, the soldiers' dwellings, the brethren's lodgings, the huts for the converted Indians, stand ranged about the large level quadrangle, so placed upon the theory of protection. Ah, here they come, the inhabitants of San Antonio, from the church-door; vespers is over; the big-thighed, bow-legged, horse-riding Apache steps forth, slowly, for he is yet in a maze—the burning candles, the shrine, the chants, are all yet whirl-

ing in his memory; the lazy soldier slouches by, leering at him, yet observing a certain care not to be seen therein, for Señor Soldado is not wholly free from fear of this great-thewed Señor Apache; the soldiers' wives, the squaws, the children, all wend their ways across the plaza. Here advances Brother Juan, barefooted, in a gown of serge, with his knotted scourge a-dangle from his girdle; he accosts the Indian, he draws him on to talk of Manitou, his grave pale face grows intense and his forehead wrinkles as he spurs his brain on to the devising of arguments that will convince this wild soul before him of the fact of the God of Adam, of Peter, and of Francis. Yonder is a crowd: alas, it is stout Brother Antonio, laying shrewd stripes with unsparing arm upon the back of a young Indian—so hard to convince these dusky youths and maidens of the sins of flirtation. Ha! there behind the church, if you look, goes on another flagellation: Brother Francis has crept back there, slipped his woollen gown from his shoulders, and fallen to with his knotted scourge upon his own bare back, for that a quick vision did, by instigation of the devil, cross his mind even in the very midst of vespers —a vision of a certain señorita as his wife, of a warm all-day sunned cottage, of children playing, of fruits, of friends, of laughter—"O

blessed St. Francis of Assisi, fend off Satan!" he cries, and raises a heavier welt.

Presently, as evening draws on, the Indians hold meetings, males in one place, females in another; reciting prayers, singing canticles. Finally it is bed-time; honest Brother Antonio goes round and locks the unmarried young male Indians into their sleeping apartments on one side, the maidens on the other side into theirs, casts a glance mayhap toward Mexico, breathes a prayer, gets him to his pallet, and the Plaza of San Antonio de Valero is left in company of the still sentinel, the stream of the San Pedro purling on one side, that of the San Antonio whispering on the other, under the quiet stars, midst of the solemn prairie, in whose long grass yonder crouches some keen-eyed Apache *bravo,*[1] who has taken a fancy that he will ride Don Ramon's charger.

The infant settlement soon begins to serve in that capacity which gives it a "bad eminence" among the other Texan settlements for the next hundred years: to wit, as the point to which, or from which, armies are retreating or advancing, or in which armies are fighting. Already, in 1719, before the removal to the Military Plaza, the scenes of war have been transacting them-

[1] Sp. *Yndios Bravos:* unconverted Indians.

selves in the young San Antonio de Valero. On a certain day in the spring of that year, the peaceful people are astonished to behold all their Spanish brethren who belong to the settlements eastward of theirs, come crowding into the town: monks, soldiers, women, and all. In the confusion they quickly learn that in the latter part of the year before, France has declared war against Spain; that the Frenchmen at Natchitoches, as soon as they have heard the news, have rushed to arms, and led by La Harpe and St. Denis, have advanced westward, have put to flight all the Spanish of several small settlements; and that these are they who are here now, disturbing the peaceful mission with unwonted sights and sounds, and stretching its slender hospitalities to repletion. The French do not attack, however, but return toward Natchitoches. In a short time enter from the opposite side of the stage, that is to say from Mexico, the Marquis de Aguayo, Governor-General of New Estremadura and the New Philippines, with five hundred mounted men. These march through, take with them the Spanish fugitives, re-establish those settlements, and pursue the French until they hear that the latter are in Natchitoches; De Aguayo then returns to San Antonio and sets on foot plans for its permanent improvement.

About this time occurs a short and spicy correspondence, which for the first time probably announces the name of the State of Texas, and which explicitly broaches a dispute that is to last for many a year. The Spanish Viceroy in Mexico appoints Don Martin D'Alarconne Governor of Texas. Soon afterward La Harpe leaves the French post of Natchitoches and busies himself in advancing the French interests among the Nassonite[1] Indians. In beginning this enterprise La Harpe sends "a polite message" to the Spanish Governor, who thereupon writes:

MONSIEUR,—I am very sensible of the politeness that M. de Bienville and yourself have had the goodness to show to me. The orders I have received from the King my master are to maintain a good understanding with the French of Louisiana; my own inclinations lead me equally to afford them all the services that depend upon me. But I am compelled to say that your arrival at the Nassonite village surprises me much. Your Governor could not be ignorant that the post you occupy belongs to my government, and that all the lands west of the Nassonites depend upon New Mexico. I counsel you to inform M. de Bienville of this, or you will force me to oblige you to abandon lands that the French have no right to occupy. I have the honor, etc.,

TRINITY RIVER, May 20, 1719. D'ALARCONNE.

[1] A tribe, or set of tribes, whose seat of government seems to have been a village called *Texas*, on the east bank of the Neches River.

To this La Harpe makes reply:

Monsieur,—The order from his Catholic Majesty to maintain a good understanding with the French of Louisiana, and the kind intentions you have yourself expressed toward them, accord but little with your proceedings. Permit me to apprise you that M. de Bienville is perfectly informed of the limits of his government, and is very certain that the post of Nassonite does not depend upon the dominions of his Catholic Majesty. He knows also that the Province of Lastekas,[1] of which you say you are Governor, is a part of Louisiana. M. de la Salle took possession in 1685, in the name of his Most Christian Majesty, and since the above epoch possession has been renewed from time to time. Respecting the post of Nassonite, I cannot comprehend by what right you pretend that it forms a part of New Mexico. I beg leave to represent to you that Don Antonio de Minoir, who discovered New Mexico in 1683, never penetrated east of that province or the Rio Bravo. It was the French who first made alliance with the savage tribes in this region, and it is natural to conclude that a river that flows into the Mississippi and the lands it waters belong to the King my master. If you will do me the pleasure to come into this quarter I will convince you I hold a post I know how to defend.

I have the honor, etc.,

Nassonite, July 8, 1719. De la Harpe.

[1] Lastekas, *i.e.*, Las Tekas: *Texas*. The Frenchmen in those days appear to have had great difficulty in inventing the spelling for these Indian names. The Choctaws, for instance, appear in the documents of the time as "Tchactas," the Chickasaws as "Chicachats," the Cherokees as "Cheraquis," and they can get no nearer to "Camanches" than "Choumans," or "Cannensis."

For several years after the permanent location round the Military Plaza, no important events seem to be recorded as happening in San Antonio; but the quiet work of post and mission goes on, and the probable talk on the Plaza is of the three new missions which De Aguayo establishes on the San Antonio River, below the town, under the protection of its garrison; or of the tales which come slowly floating from the northward concerning the dreadful fate of a Spanish expedition which has been sent to attack the French settlements on the Upper Mississippi, and which, mistaking the hostile Missouris on the way for friendly Osages, distributes fifteen hundred muskets, together with sabres and pistols, to the said Missouris to be used against the French, whereupon the Missouris next morning at daybreak fall upon the unsuspecting Spaniards, butcher them all (save the priest, whom they keep for a "magpie," as they call him, to laugh at), and march off into the French fort arrayed in great spoils; or of Governor De Aguayo's recommendation to the home government to send colonists instead of soldiers if it would help the friars to win the Indians; or of the appointment of a separate Governor for Texas in 1727; or of the withdrawal of ten soldiers in 1729, leaving only forty-three in garri-

son at San Antonio. About 1731, however, an important addition is made to the town. Under the auspices of the home government—which seems to have accepted De Aguayo's ideas—thirteen families and two single men arrive, pure Spaniards from the Canary Islands, also some Mexicans. These set to work around a Plaza (the "Plaza of the Constitution," or "Main Plaza") just eastward of and adjoining the Military Plaza, and commence a town which they call San Fernando. They are led, it seems, to this location by the same facility of irrigation which had recommended the Military Plaza to their neighbors. The new colonists impart vigor to affairs. The missions prosper, Indians are captured and brought in to be civilized, whether or no, and on the 5th of March, 1731, the foundation is laid of a mission, on the San Antonio River, a mile or so below the town.

Meantime a serious conspiracy against the welfare of San Antonio and San Fernando is hatched in the northeast. The Natchez Indians wish to revenge themselves upon the French, who have driven them from their home on the Mississippi. They resolve to attack St. Denis at Natchitoches, and to prevent the Spaniards from helping him (the French and Spanish are now friends, having united against England) they procure the

Apaches to assail San Antonio. St. Denis, however, surprises and defeats the Natchez; and the Apaches appear to have made no organized attack, but to have confined themselves to murdering and thieving in parties. These Apaches, indeed, were dreadful scourges in these days to San Antonio and its environs. The people of the fort of San Fernando and of the missions on the river complain repeatedly that they cannot expand on account of the frequent hostilities of the Apaches. This great tribe had headquarters about the Pass of Bandera, some fifty miles to the northwestward, from which they forayed, not only up to Antonio, but farther. Moreover, they manage horses, firearms, and arrows "with much destruction and agility." Finally the men of San Antonio and San Fernando get tired of it, and after some minor counter-forays, they organize an expedition in 1732 which conquers comparative peace from the Apaches for a few years.

Nothing of special interest is recorded as happening in San Antonio from this time until 1736. In September of that year arrives Don Carlos de Franquis, who immediately proceeds to throw the town into a very pretty ferment. Franquis had come out from Spain to Mexico to be Governor of one province. On arriving, he finds

that someone else is already Governor of that district. Vizarron, Archbishop of Mexico, and acting Viceroy, disposes of him—it is likely he made trouble enough till that was done—by sending him off to Texas to supersede Governor Sandoval, a fine old veteran, who has been for two years governing the province with such soldierly fidelity as has won him great favor among the inhabitants. Franquis begins by insulting the priests, and follows this up with breaking open people's letters. Presently he arrests Sandoval, has him chained, and causes criminal proceedings to be commenced against him, charging him with treacherous complicity in certain movements of St. Denis at Natchitoches. It seems that St. Denis, having found a higher and drier location, has removed his garrison and the French Mission of St. John the Baptist some miles further from Red River toward the Texas territory, and built a new fort and settlements; that Sandoval, hearing of it, has promptly called him to account as an intruder on Spanish ground; and that a correspondence has ensued between St. Denis and Sandoval, urging the rights of their respective governments. This has just been brought to an issue to go to the jury of war when Sandoval is ousted by Franquis. The Viceroy sends the Governor of New Leon to investigate

the trouble; and the famous lawsuit of Franquis *versus* Sandoval is fairly commenced. The Governor of New Leon seems to find against Franquis, who is sent back to the fort on the Rio Grande. He gets away, however, and off to the Viceroy. But Sandoval is not satisfied, naturally, for he has been mulcted in some three thousand four hundred dollars, costs of the investigating commission. He pays, and in 1738 files his petition against Franquis for redress of his injuries.

Franquis, thus attacked in turn, strengthens his position with a new line of accusations. He now, besides the French business, charges Sandoval with living at San Antonio instead of at Adaes, the official residence; with being irregular in his accounts wth the San Antonio garrison; and with peculation in the matter of the salaries of certain paid missionaries, whom Sandoval is alleged to have discharged and then pocketed their stipends. The papers go to the Viceroy, and from the Viceroy to Attorney-General Vedoya. In 1740 Vedoya decides Sandoval guilty of living at San Antonio, though it was his duty to be there to defend it against the Apaches; guilty of irregular book-keeping, though through memoranda it is found that there is a balance in his favor of thirteen hundred dollars; not guilty of stealing the missionary money. Upon the French matter

Vedoya will not decide without further evidence. With poor Sandoval it is pay again; he is fined five hundred dollars for his "guilt."

Meantime, some months afterward, an order is made that testimony be taken in Texas with regard to the French affair, to embrace an account of pretty much everything in, about, and concerning Texas. The testimony being taken and returned, the Attorney-General, in November, 1741, entirely acquits Sandoval. But alas for the stout old soldier! this is in Mexico, where from of old, if one is asked who rules now, one must reply with the circumspection of that Georgia judge, who, being asked the politics of his son, made answer that *he knew not, not having seen the creature since breakfast.* Vizarron has gone out; a Spanish duke has come into the Viceroyalty; and Sandoval has hardly had time to taste his hard-earned triumph before, through the cunning of Franquis, he finds himself in prison by order of the new Viceroy. Finally, however, the rule works the other way; in December, 1743, a third Viceroy gets hold of the papers in the case, acquits Sandoval, and enjoins Franquis from proceeding further in the matter.

It was in the course of this litigation—a copy of the proceedings in which, "filling thirty volumes of manuscript," was transmitted to Spain—

that the old document before referred to had its origin. In this paper San Antonio is called *San Antonio de Vejar ó Valero,* Vejar being the Spanish of the Mexican *Bexar* (pronounced Váy-har). This name, San Antonio de Bexar, seems to have attached itself particularly to the military post, or fort; its origin is not known. The town of San Fernando was still so called at this time; and the town and mission of San Antonio de Valero bore that name. In 1744 this latter extended itself to the eastward, or rather the extension had probably gone on before that time and was only so called then. At any rate, on the 8th of May, 1744, the first stone of the present Church of the Alamo was laid and blessed. The site of this church is nearly a quarter of a mile to the eastward of the Military Plaza, where the mission to which it belonged had been located in 1722. From an old record-book purporting to contain the baptisms in "the Parish of the Pueblo of *San José del Alamo,*" it would seem that there must have been also a settlement of that name. San Antonio de Bexar, therefore—the modern city—seems to be a consolidation of the fort of San Antonio de Bexar, the mission and villa of San Antonio de Valero, and the villas of San Fernando and San José del Alamo.

II

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ALAMO

EARLY on the morning of the 9th of December, 1835, General Cos sends a flag of truce, asking to surrender, and on the 10th agrees with the American general upon formal and honorable articles of capitulation.

The poor citizens of San Antonio de Bexar,[1] however, do not yet enjoy the blessings of life in quiet; these wild soldiers who have stormed the town cannot remain long without excitement. Presently Dr. Grant revives his old project of taking Matamoros and soon departs, carrying with him most of the troops that had been left

[1] The history of San Antonio from the founding of the Alamo in 1744 to its capture by the "Americans" a century later, is a complication of the woes of border warfare, skirmishes between Spaniards and Mexicans, Texans, Indians, French, and "United States people." The principal events of this period are the arrival in Texas of Moses Austin and General Houston, the purchase of Louisiana from France by the United States, and the capture of San Antonio from the Spaniards by the Mexican rebels under Santa Ana, who, in 1833, had become President of the Republic of Mexico.—EDITOR.

at Bexar for its defence, together with a great part of the garrison's winter supply of clothing, ammunition, and provisions, and in addition "pressing" such property of the citizens as he needs, insomuch that Colonel Neill, at that time in command at Bexar, writes to the Governor of Texas that the place is left destitute and defenceless.

Soon afterward Colonel Neill is ordered to destroy the Alamo walls and other fortifications, and bring off the artillery, since no head can be made there in the present crisis against the enemy, who is reported marching in force upon San Antonio. Having no teams, Colonel Neill is unable to obey the order, and presently retires, his unpaid men having dropped off until but eighty remain, of whom Col. Wm. B. Travis assumes command. Colonel Travis promptly calls for more troops, but gets none as yet, for the Governor and Council are at deadly quarrel, and the soldiers are all pressing toward Matamoros. Travis has brought thirty men with him; about the middle of February he is joined by Colonel Bowie with thirty others, and these, with the eighty already in garrison, constitute the defenders of San Antonio de Bexar.

On the 23d of February appears General Santa Ana at the head of a well-appointed army of

some four thousand men, and marches straight on into town. The Texans retire before him slowly, and finally shut themselves up in the Alamo; here straightway begins that bloodiest, smokiest, grimiest tragedy of this century. William B. Travis, James Bowie, and David Crockett, with their hundred and forty-five effective men, are enclosed within a stone rectangle one hundred and ninety feet long and one hundred and twenty-two feet wide, having the old Church of the Alamo in the southeast corner, in which are their quarters and magazine. They have a supply of water from the ditches that run alongside the walls, and by way of provision they have about ninety bushels of corn and thirty beef-cattle, their entire stock, all collected since the enemy came in sight. The walls are unbroken, with no angles from which to command besieging lines. They have fourteen pieces of artillery mounted, with but little ammunition.

Santa Ana demands unconditional surrender. Travis replies with a cannon-shot, and the attack commences, the enemy running up a blood-red flag in town. Travis despatches a messenger with a call to his countrymen for re-enforcements, which concludes: "Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who never for-

gets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or death!"

Meantime the enemy is active. On the 25th Travis has a sharp fight to prevent him from erecting a battery raking the gate of the Alamo. At night it is erected, with another a half-mile off at the powder-house, on a sharp eminence at the extremity of the present main street of the town. On the 26th there is skirmishing with the Mexican cavalry. In the cold—for a norther has commenced to blow and the thermometer is down to thirty-nine—the Texans make a sally successfully for wood and water, and that night they burn some old houses on the northeast that might afford cover for the enemy. So, amid the enemy's constant rain of shells and balls, which miraculously hurt no one, the Texans strengthen their works and the siege goes on. On the 28th Fannin starts from Goliad with three hundred troops and four pieces of artillery, but for lack of teams and provisions quickly returns, and the little garrison is left to its fate. On the morning of the 1st of March there is doubtless a wild shout of welcome in the Alamo; Capt. John W. Smith has managed to convey thirty-two men into the fort. These join the heroes, and the attack and defence go on. On the 3d a single man, Moses Rose, escapes from the fort. His account

of that day[1] must entitle it to consecration as one of the most pathetic days of time.

"About two hours before sunset on the 3d of March, 1836, the bombardment suddenly ceased, and the enemy withdrew an unusual distance. . . . Colonel Travis paraded all his effective men in a single file, and taking his position in front of the centre, he stood for some moments apparently speechless from emotion; then, nerving himself for the occasion, he addressed them substantially as follows:

" 'My brave companions: stern necessity compels me to employ the few moments afforded by this probably brief cessation of conflict, in making known to you the most interesting, yet the most solemn, melancholy, and unwelcome fact that humanity can realize. . . . Our fate is sealed. Within a very few days, perhaps a very few hours, we must all be in eternity! I have deceived you long by the promise of help; but I crave your pardon, hoping that after hearing my explanation you will not only regard my conduct

[1] As transmitted by the Zuber family, whose residence was the first place at which poor Rose had dared to stop, and with whom he remained some weeks, healing the festered wounds made on his legs by the cactus-thorns during the days of his fearful journey. The account from which these extracts are taken is contributed to the Texas Almanac for 1873, by W. P. Zuber, and his mother, Mary Ann Zuber.

as pardonable, but heartily sympathize with me in my extreme necessity. . . . I have continually received the strongest assurances of help from home. Every letter from the Council, and every one that I have seen from individuals at home, has teemed with assurances that our people were ready, willing, and anxious to come to our relief. . . . These assurances I received as facts. . . . In the honest and simple confidence of my heart I have transmitted to you these promises of help and my confident hope of success. But the promised help has not come, and our hopes are not to be realized. I have evidently confided too much in the promises of our friends; but let us not be in haste to censure them. . . . Our friends were evidently not informed of our perilous condition in time to save us. Doubtless they would have been here by this time had they expected any considerable force of the enemy. . . . My calls on Colonel Fannin remain unanswered, and my messengers have not returned. The probabilities are that his whole command has fallen into the hands of the enemy, or been cut to pieces, and that our couriers have been cut off. [So does the brave, simple soul refuse to feel any bitterness in the hour of death.] . . . Then we must die. . . . Our business is not to make a fruitless effort to save

our lives, but to choose the manner of our death. But three modes are presented to us; let us choose that by which we may best serve our country. Shall we surrender and be deliberately shot without taking the life of a single enemy? Shall we try to cut our way out through the Mexican ranks and be butchered before we can kill twenty of our adversaries? I am opposed to either method. . . . Let us resolve to withstand our adversaries to the last, and at each advance to kill as many of them as possible. And when at last they shall storm our fortress, let us kill them as they come! kill them as they scale our wall! kill them as they leap within! kill them as they raise their weapons and as they use them! kill them as they kill our companions! and continue to kill them as long as one of us shall remain alive! . . . But I leave every man to his own choice. Should any man prefer to surrender . . . or to attempt an escape . . . he is at liberty to do so. My own choice is to stay in the fort and die for my country, fighting as long as breath shall remain in my body. This will I do, even if you leave me alone. Do as you think best; but no man can die with me without affording me comfort in the hour of death!'

"Colonel Travis then drew his sword, and with its point traced a line upon the ground extending from the right to the left of the file.

Then, resuming his position in front of the centre, he said, 'I now want every man who is determined to stay here and die with me to come across this line. Who will be first? March!' The first respondent was Tapley Holland, who leaped the line at a bound, exclaiming, 'I am ready to die for my country!' His example was instantly followed by every man in the file with the exception of Rose. . . . Every sick man that could walk, arose from his bunk and tottered across the line. Colonel Bowie, who could not leave his bed, said, 'Boys, I am not able to come to you, but I wish some of you would be so kind as to remove my cot over there.' Four men instantly ran to the cot, and each lifting a corner, carried it across the line. Then every sick man that could not walk made the same request, and had his bunk removed in the same way.

"Rose, too, was deeply affected, but differently from his companions. He stood till every man but himself had crossed the line. . . . He sank upon the ground, covered his face, and yielded to his own reflections. . . . A bright idea came to his relief; he spoke the Mexican dialect very fluently, and could he once get safely out of the fort, he might easily pass for a Mexican and effect an escape. . . . He directed a searching glance at the cot of Colonel Bowie. . . . Col.

David Crockett was leaning over the cot, conversing with its occupant in an undertone. After a few seconds Bowie looked at Rose and said, 'You seem not to be willing to die with us, Rose.' 'No,' said Rose; 'I am not prepared to die, and shall not do so if I can avoid it.' Then Crockett also looked at him, and said, 'You may as well conclude to die with us, old man, for escape is impossible.' Rose made no reply, but looked at the top of the wall. 'I have often done worse than to climb that wall,' thought he. Suiting the action to the thought, he sprang up, seized his wallet of unwashed clothes, and ascended the wall. Standing on its top, he looked down within to take a last view of his dying friends. They were all now in motion, but what they were doing he heeded not; overpowered by his feelings, he looked away and saw them no more. . . . He threw down his wallet and leaped after it. . . . He took the road which led down the river around a bend to the ford, and through the town by the church. He waded the river at the ford and passed through the town. He saw no person . . . but the doors were all closed, and San Antonio appeared as a deserted city.

"After passing through the town he turned down the river. A stillness as of death prevailed. When he had gone about a quarter of a mile be-

low the town, his ears were saluted by the thunder of the bombardment, which was then renewed. That thunder continued to remind him that his friends were true to their cause, by a continual roar with but slight intervals until a little before sunrise on the morning of the 6th, when it ceased and he heard it no more." [1]

And well may it "cease" on that morning of that 6th; for after that thrilling 3d the siege goes on, the enemy furious, the Texans replying calmly and slowly. Finally Santa Ana determines to storm. Some hours before daylight on the morning of the 6th the Mexican infantry, provided with scaling-ladders, and backed by the cavalry to keep them up to the work, surround the doomed fort. At daylight they advance and plant their ladders, but give back under a deadly fire from the Texans. They advance again, and again retreat. A third time—Santa Ana threatening and coaxing by turns—they plant their ladders. Now they mount the walls. The Texans are overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers and exhaustion of continued watching and fight-

[1] Rose succeeded in making his escape, and reached the house of the Zubers, as before stated, in fearful condition. After remaining here some weeks, he started for his home in Nacogdoches, but on the way his thorn-wounds became inflamed anew, and when he reached home "his friends thought that he could not live many months." This was "the last" that the Zubers "heard of him."



THE STORMING OF THE ALAMO

ing. The Mexicans swarm into the fort. The Texans club their guns; one by one they fall fighting—now Travis yonder by the western wall, now Crockett here in the angle of the church-wall, now Bowie butchered and mutilated in his sick-cot, breathe quick and pass away; and presently every Texan lies dead, while there in horrid heaps are stretched five hundred and twenty-one dead Mexicans and as many more wounded! Of the human beings that were in the fort five remain alive: Mrs. Dickinson and her child, Colonel Travis's negro-servant, and two Mexican women. The conquerors endeavor to get some more revenge out of the dead, and close the scene with raking together the bodies of the Texans, amid insults, and burning them.

The town did not long remain in the hands of the Mexicans. Events followed each other rapidly until the battle of San Jacinto, after which the dejected Santa Ana wrote his famous letter of captivity under the tree, which for a time relieved the soil of Texas from hostile footsteps. San Antonio was nevertheless not free from bloodshed, though beginning to drive a sharp trade with Mexico and to make those approaches toward the peaceful arts which necessarily accompany trade. The Indians kept life from stagnating, and in the year 1840 occurred a

bloody battle with them in the very midst of the town. Certain Camanche chiefs, pending negotiations for a treaty of peace, had promised to bring in all the captives they had, and on the 19th of March, 1840, met the Texan Commissioners in the Council-house in San Antonio to redeem their promise. Leaving twenty warriors and thirty-two women and children outside, twelve chiefs entered the council-room and presented the only captive they had brought—a little white girl—declaring that they had no others.

This statement the little girl pronounced false, asserting that it was made solely for the purpose of extorting greater ransoms, and that she had but recently seen other captives in their camp. An awkward pause followed. Presently one of the chiefs inquired, How the Commissioners liked it. By way of reply, the company of Captain Howard, who had been sent for, filed into the room, and the Indians were told that they would be held prisoners until they should send some of their party outside after the rest of the captives. The Commissioners then rose and left the room.

As they were in the act of leaving, however, one of the Indian chiefs attempted to rush through the door, and being confronted by the sentinel, stabbed him. Seeing the sentinel hurt,

and Captain Howard also stabbed, the other chiefs sprang forward with knives and bows and arrows, and the fight raged until they were all killed. Meantime the warriors outside began to fight, and engaged the company of Captain Read; but, taking shelter in a stone-house, were surrounded and killed. Still another detachment of the Indians managed to continue the fight until they had reached the other side of the river, when they were finally despatched. Thirty-two Indian warriors and five Indian women and children were slain, and the rest of the women and children were made prisoners. The savages fought desperately, for seven Texans were killed and eight wounded.[1]

[1] The war between Texas and Mexico ended in 1842, and three years later the annexation of Texas to the United States took place.—EDITOR.

VI

FROM MORN TILL NIGHT ON A FLORIDA RIVER

FROM MORN TILL NIGHT ON A FLORIDA RIVER

For a perfect journey God gave us a perfect day. The little Ocklawaha (ŏck lä wä′ hä) steamboat Marion had started on her voyage some hours before daylight. She had taken on her passengers the night previous. By seven o'clock on such a May morning as no words could describe we had made twenty-five miles up the St. Johns. At this point the Ocklawaha flows into the St. Johns, one hundred miles above Jacksonville.

Presently we abandoned the broad highway of the St. Johns, and turned off to the right into the narrow lane of the Ocklawaha. This is the sweetest water-lane in the world, a lane which runs for more than one hundred and fifty miles of pure delight betwixt hedge-rows of oaks and cypresses and palms and magnolias and mosses and vines; a lane clean to travel, for there is never a speck of dust in it save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and lilies.

As we advanced up the stream our wee craft

seemed to emit her steam in leisurely whiffs, as one puffs one's cigar in a contemplative walk through the forest. Dick, the pole-man, lay asleep on the guards, in great peril of rolling into the river over the three inches between his length and the edge; the people of the boat moved not, and spoke not; the white crane, the curlew, the heron, the water-turkey, were scarcely disturbed in their quiet avocations as we passed, and quickly succeeded in persuading themselves after each momentary excitement of our gliding by, that we were really no monster, but only some day-dream of a monster.

"Look at that snake in the water!" said a gentleman, as we sat on deck with the engineer, just come up from his watch.

The engineer smiled. "Sir, it is a water-turkey," he said, gently.

The water-turkey is the most preposterous bird within the range of ornithology. He is not a bird; he is a neck with such subordinate rights, members, belongings, and heirlooms as seem necessary to that end. He has just enough stomach to arrange nourishment for his neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with his neck, and just big enough legs to keep his neck from dragging on the ground; and his neck is light-colored, while the rest of him is black. When

he saw us he jumped up on a limb and stared. Then suddenly he dropped into the water, sank like a leaden ball out of sight, and made us think he was drowned. Presently the tip of his beak appeared, then the length of his neck lay along the surface of the water. In this position, with his body submerged, he shot out his neck, drew it back, wriggled it, twisted it, twiddled it, and poked it spirally into the east, the west, the north, and the south, round and round with a violence and energy that made one think in the same breath of corkscrews and of lightnings. But what nonsense! All that labor and perilous contortion for a beggarly sprat or a couple of inches of water-snake.

Some twenty miles from the mouth of the Ocklawaha, at the right-hand edge of the stream, is the handsomest residence in America. It belongs to a certain alligator of my acquaintance, a very honest and worthy reptile of good repute. A little cove of water, dark-green under the overhanging leaves, placid and clear, curves round at the river edge into the flags and lilies, with a curve just heart-breaking for its pure beauty. This house of the alligator is divided into apartments, little bays which are scalloped out by the lily-pads, according to the winding fancies of their growth. My reptile, when he desires to

sleep, has but to lie down anywhere; he will find marvellous mosses for his mattress beneath him; his sheets will be white lily-petals; and the green disks of the lily-pads will straightway embroider themselves together above him for his coverlet. He never quarrels with his cook, he is not the slave of a kitchen, and his one house-maid—the stream—forever sweeps his chambers clean. His conservatories there under the glass of that water are ever, without labor, filled with the enchantments of under-water growths.

His parks and his pleasure-grounds are larger than any king's. Upon my saurian's house the winds have no power, the rains are only a new delight to him, and the snows he will never see. Regarding fire, as he does not use it as a slave, so he does not fear it as a tyrant.

Thus all the elements are the friends of my alligator's house. While he sleeps he is being bathed. What glory to awake sweetened and freshened by the sole, careless act of sleep!

Lastly, my saurian has unnumbered mansions, and can change his dwelling as no human householder may; it is but a flip of his tail, and lo! he is established in another place as good as the last, ready furnished to his liking.

On and on up the river! We find it a river without banks. The swift, deep current mean-

ders between tall lines of trees; beyond these, on either side, there is water also—a thousand shallow rivulets lapsing past the bases of a multitude of trees.

Along the edges of the stream every tree-trunk, sapling, and stump is wrapped about with a close-growing vine. The edges of the stream are also defined by flowers and water-leaves. The tall blue flags, the ineffable lilies sitting on their round lily-pads like white queens on green thrones, the tiny stars and long ribbons of the water-grasses—all these border the river in an infinite variety of adornment.

And now, after this day of glory, came a night of glory. Deep down in these shaded lanes it was dark indeed as the night drew on. The stream which had been all day a girdle of beauty, blue or green, now became a black band of mystery.

But presently a brilliant flame flares out overhead: they have lighted the pine-knots on top of the pilot-house. The fire advances up these dark windings like a brilliant god.

The startled birds suddenly flutter into the light and after an instant of illuminated flight melt into the darkness. From the perfect silence of these short flights one derives a certain sense of awe.

Now there is a mighty crack and crash: limbs and leaves scrape and scrub along the deck; a little bell tinkles; we stop. In turning a short curve, the boat has run her nose smack into the right bank, and a projecting stump has thrust itself sheer through the starboard side. Out, Dick! Out, Henry! Dick and Henry shuffle forward to the bow, thrust forth their long white pole against a tree-trunk, strain and push and bend to the deck as if they were salaaming the god of night and adversity. Our bow slowly rounds into the stream, the wheel turns and we puff quietly along.

And now it is bed-time. Let me tell you how to sleep on an Ocklawaha steamer in May. With a small bribe persuade Jim, the steward, to take the mattress out of your berth and lay it slanting just along the railing that encloses the lower part of the deck in front and to the left of the pilot-house. Lie flat on your back down on the mattress, draw your blanket over you, put your cap on your head, on account of the night air, fold your arms, say some little prayer or other, and fall asleep with a star looking right down on your eye. When you wake in the morning you will feel as new as Adam.

VII

BOB: THE STORY OF OUR MOCKING-BIRD

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NOT that his name *ought* to be Bob at all. In respect of his behavior during a certain trying period which I am presently to recount, he ought to be called Sir Philip Sidney; yet, by virtue of his conduct in another very troublesome business which I will relate, he has equal claim to be known as Don Quixote de la Mancha; while, in consideration that he is the Voice of his whole race, singing the passions of all his fellows better than anyone could sing his own, he is clearly entitled to be named William Shakespeare.

For Bob is our mocking-bird. He fell to us out of the top of a certain great pine in a certain small city on the sea-coast of Georgia. In this tree and a host of his lordly fellows which tower over that little city, the mocking-birds abound in unusual numbers. They love the prodigious masses of the leaves, and the generous breezes from the neighboring Gulf Stream, and, most of all, the infinite flood of the sunlight, which is so rich and cordial that it will make even a man lift

his head toward the sky, as a mocking-bird lifts his beak, and try to sing something or other.

About three years ago, in a sandy road which skirts a grove of such tall pines, a wayfarer found Bob lying in a lump. It could not have been more than a few days since he was no bird at all, only an egg with possibilities. The finder brought him to our fence and turned him over to a young man who had done us the honor to come out of a strange country and live at our house about six years before. Gladly received by this last, Bob was brought within, and family discussions were held. He could not be put back into a tree: the hawks would have had him in an hour. The original nest was not to be found. We struggled hard against committing the crime —as we had always considered it—of caging a bird. But finally it became plain that there was no other resource. In fact, we were obliged to recognize that he had come to us from the hand of Providence; and, though we are among the most steady-going democrats of this Republic, we were yet sufficiently acquainted with the etiquette of courts to know that one does not refuse the gift of The King.

Dimly hoping, therefore, that we might see our way clear to devise some means of giving Bob an education that would fit him for a for-



BOB LYING IN A LUMP

ester, we arranged suitable accommodations for him, and he was tended with motherly care.

He repaid our attentions from the very beginning. He immediately began to pick up in flesh and to increase the volume of his rudimentary feathers. Soon he commenced to call for his food as lustily as any spoiled child. When it was brought he would throw his head back and open his yellow-lined beak to a width which no one would credit who did not see it. Into this enormous cavity, which seemed almost larger than the bird, his protectress would thrust—and the more vigorously the better he seemed to like it—ball after ball of the yolk of hard-boiled egg mashed up with Irish potato.

How, from this dry compound which was his only fare, except an occasional worm off the rose-bushes, Bob could have wrought the surprising nobleness of spirit which he displayed about six weeks after he came to us, is a matter which I do not believe I can account for. I refer to the occasion when he fairly earned the title of Sir Philip Sidney. A short time after he became our guest a couple of other fledglings were brought and placed in his cage. One of these soon died, but the other continued for some time longer to drag out a drooping existence. One day, when Bob was about six weeks old, his usual

ration had been delayed, owing to the pressure of other duties upon his attendant. He was not slow to make this circumstance known by all the language available to him. He was very hungry indeed, and was squealing with every appearance of entreaty and of indignation when at last the lady of the house was able to bring him his breakfast. He scrambled to the bars of the cage—which his feeble companion was unable to do—took the proffered ball of egg-and-potato fiercely in his beak, and then, instead of swallowing it, deliberately flapped back to his sick guest in the corner and gave *him* the whole of it without tasting a morsel.

Now when Sir Philip Sidney was being carried off the battle-field of Zutphen, with a fearful wound in his thigh, he became very thirsty and begged for water. As the cup was handed him, a dying soldier who lay near cast upon it a look of great longing. This Sidney observed; refusing the cup, he ordered that it should be handed to the soldier, saying, "His necessity is greater than mine."

A mocking-bird is called Bob just as a goat is called Billy or Nan, as a parrot is called Poll, as a squirrel is called Bunny, or as a cat is called Pussy or Tom. In spite of the suggestions forced upon us by the similarity of his behavior to that

of the sweet young gentleman of Zutphen, our bird continued to bear the common appellation of his race, and no efforts on the part of those who believe in the fitness of things have availed to change the habits of Bob's friends in this particular. Bob he was, is, and will probably remain.

Perhaps under a weightier title he would not have thriven so prosperously. His growth was amazing in body and in mind. By the time he was two months old he already showed that he was going to be a singer. About this period certain little feeble trills and experimental whistles began to vary the monotony of his absurd squeals and chirrups. The musical business and the marvellous work of feathering himself occupied his thoughts continually. I cannot but suppose that he superintended the disposition of the black, white, and gray markings on his wings and his tail as they successively appeared: he certainly manufactured the pigments with which those colors were laid on somewhere within himself—and all out of egg-and-potato. How he ever got the idea of arranging his feather-characteristics exactly as those of all other male mocking-birds are arranged, is more than I know. It is equally beyond me to conceive why he did not—while he was about it—exert his individuality to the extent of some little peculiar black

dot or white stripe whereby he could at least tell himself from any other bird. His failure to attend to this last matter was afterward the cause of a great battle from which Bob would have emerged in a plight as ludicrous as any of Don Quixote's—considering the harmless and unsubstantial nature of his antagonist—had not this view of his behavior been changed by the courage and spirit with which he engaged his enemy, the gallantry with which he continued the fight, and the good faithful blood which he shed while it lasted. In all these particulars his battle fairly rivalled any encounter of the much-bruised Knight of La Mancha.

He was about a year old when it happened, and the fight took place a long way from his native heath. He was spending the summer at a pleasant country home in Pennsylvania. He had appeared to take just as much delight in the clover-fields and mansion-studded hills of this lovely region as in the lonesome forests and sandy levels of his native land. He had sung, and sung: even in his dreams at night his sensitive little soul would often get quite too full and he would pour forth rapturous bursts of sentiment at any time between twelve o'clock and daybreak. If our health had been as little troubled by broken slumber as was his, these melodies in the

late night would have been glorious; but there were some of us who had gone into the country specially to sleep; and we were finally driven to swing the sturdy songster high up in an outside porch at night, by an apparatus contrived with careful reference to cats. Several of these animals in the neighborhood had longed unspeakably for Bob ever since his arrival. We had seen them eying him from behind bushes and through windows, and had once rescued him from one who had thrust a paw between the very bars of his cage. That cat was going to eat him, art and all, with no compunction in the world. His music seemed to make no more impression on cats than Keats's made on critics. If only some really discriminating person had been by, with a shotgun, when *The Quarterly* thrust its paw into poor Endymion's cage!

One day at this country-house Bob had been let out of his cage and allowed to fly about the room. He had cut many antics, to the amusement of the company, when presently we left him to go down to dinner. What occurred afterward was very plainly told by circumstantial evidence when we returned. As soon as he was alone, he had availed himself of his unusual freedom to go exploring about the room. In the course of investigation he suddenly found him-

self confronted by—it is impossible to say what he considered it. If he had been reared in the woods he would probably have regarded it as another mocking-bird—for it was his own image in the looking-glass of a bureau. But he had never seen any member of his race, except the forlorn little unfledged specimen which he had fed at six weeks of age, and which bore no resemblance to this tall, gallant, bright-eyed figure in the mirror. He had thus had no opportunity to generalize his kind, and he knew nothing whatever of his own personal appearance except the partial hints he may have gained when he smoothed his feathers with his beak after his bath in the morning. It may therefore very well be that he took this sudden apparition for some Chimæra or dire monster which had taken advantage of the family's temporary absence to enter the room, with evil purpose. Bob immediately determined to defend the premises. He flew at the invader, literally beak and claw. But beak and claw taking no hold upon the smooth glass, with each attack he slid struggling down to the foot of the mirror. Now it so happened that a pin-cushion lay at this point, which bristled not only with pins, but with needles which had been temporarily left in it, and which were nearly as sharp

at the eye-ends as at the points. Upon these, Bob's poor claws came down with fury: he felt the wounds and saw the blood: both he attributed to the strokes of his enemy, and this roused him to new rage. In order to give additional momentum to his onset he would retire toward the other side of the room and thence fly at the foe. Again and again he charged; and as many times slid down the smooth surface of the mirror and wounded himself upon the perilous pin-cushion. As I entered, being the first up from the table, he was in the act of fluttering down against the glass. The counterpane on the bed, the white dimity cover of the bureau, the pin-cushion, all bore the bloody resemblances of his feet in various places, and showed how many times he had sought distant points in order to give himself a running start. His heart was beating violently, and his feathers were ludicrously tousled. And all against the mere shadow of himself! Never was there such a temptation for the head of a family to assemble his people and draw a prodigious moral. But better thoughts came: for, after all, was it not probable that the poor bird was defending—or at any rate believed he was defending—the rights and properties of his absent masters against a foe of unknown power? All the circumstances go to show that he made

the attack with a faithful valor as reverent as that which steadied the lance of Don Quixote against the windmills. In after days, when his cage has been placed among the boughs of trees, he has not shown any warlike feelings against the robins and sparrows that passed about, but only a sincere friendly interest.

At this present writing, Bob is the most elegant, trim, electric, persuasive, cunning, tender, courageous, artistic little dandy of a bird that mind can imagine. He does not confine himself to imitating the songs of his tribe. He is a creative artist. I was witness not long ago to the selection and adoption by him of a rudimentary whistle-language. During an illness it fell to my lot to sleep in a room alone with Bob. In the early morning when a lady, to whom Bob is passionately attached, would make her appearance in the room, he would salute her with a certain joyful chirrup which appears to belong to him peculiarly. I have not heard it from any other bird. But sometimes the lady would merely open the door, make an inquiry, and then retire. It was now necessary for his artistic soul to find some form of expressing grief. For this purpose he selected a certain cry almost identical with that of the cow-bird—an indescribably plaintive, long-drawn, thin whistle. Day after day I heard

him make use of these expressions. He had never done so before. The mournful one he would usually accompany, as soon as the door was shut, with a sidelong inquiring posture of the head, which was a clear repetition of the lover's *Is she gone? Is she really gone?*

There is one particular in which Bob's habits cannot be recommended: He eats very often. In fact, if Bob should hire a cook it would be absolutely necessary for him to write down his hours for her guidance; and this writing would look very much like a time-table of the Pennsylvania, or the Hudson River, or the Old Colony Railroad. He would have to say: "Bridget will be kind enough to get me my breakfast at the following hours: 5, 5.20, 5.40, 6, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 7, 7.20, 7.40, 8 (and so on, every fifteen or twenty minutes until 12 M.); my dinner at 12, 12.20, 12.40, 1, 1.15, 1.30 (and so on, every fifteen or twenty minutes until 6 P.M.); my supper is irregular, but I wish Bridget particularly to remember that I *always* eat whenever I awake in the night, and that I usually awake four or five times between bed-time and daybreak." With all this eating, Bob never neglects to wipe his beak after each meal. This he does by drawing it quickly, three or four times on each side, against his perch.

I never tire of watching his motions. There does not seem to be the least friction between any of the component parts of his system. They all work, give, play in and out, stretch, contract, and serve his desires generally with a smoothness and soft precision truly admirable. Merely to see him leap from his perch to the floor of his cage is to me a never-failing marvel. It is so instantaneous, and yet so quiet: *clip,* and he is down, with his head in the food-cup; I can compare it to nothing but the stroke of Fate. It is perhaps a strained association of the large with the small; but when he suddenly leaps down in this instantaneous way, I always feel as if I suddenly heard the *clip* of the fatal shears.

His list of songs is extensive. Perhaps it would have been much more so if his life had been in the woods, where he would have had the opportunity to hear the endlessly various calls of his race. So far as we can see, the stock of songs which he now sings must have been brought in his own mind out of the egg—or from some further source whereof we know nothing. He certainly never *learned* these calls; many of the birds of whom he gives perfect imitations have been always beyond his reach. He does not apprehend readily a new set of tones. He has

caught two or three musical phrases from hearing them whistled near him. No systematic attempt, however, has been made to teach him anything. His procedure in learning these few tones was peculiar. He would not, on first hearing them, make any sign that he desired to retain them, beyond a certain air of attention in his posture. Upon repetition on a different day, his behavior was the same: there was no *attempt* at imitation. But some time afterward, quite unexpectedly, in the hilarious flow of his bird-songs, would appear a perfect reproduction of the whistled tones. Like a great artist he was rather above useless and amateurish efforts. He took things into his mind, turned them over, and, when he was perfectly sure of it, brought it forth with perfection and with unconcern.

He has his little joke. His favorite response to the endearing terms of the lady whom he loves is to scold her. Of course he understands that she understands his wit. He uses for this purpose the angry warning cry which mocking-birds are in the habit of employing to drive away intruders from their nests. At the same time he expresses his delight by a peculiar gesture which he always uses when pleased. He extends his right wing and stretches his leg along the inner surface of it as far as he is able.

He has great capacities in the way of elongating and contracting himself. When he is curious or alarmed, he stretches his body until he seems incredibly tall and of the size of his neck all the way. When he is cold, he makes himself into a perfectly round ball of feathers.

I think I envy him most when he goes to sleep. He takes up one leg somewhere into his bosom, crooks the other a trifle, shortens his neck, closes his eyes—and it is done. He does not appear to hover a moment in the border-land between sleeping and waking, but hops over the line with the same superb decision with which he drops from his perch to the floor. I do not think he ever has anything on his mind after he closes his eyes. It is my belief that he never committed a sin of any sort in his whole life. There is but one time when he ever looks sad. This is during the season when his feathers fall. He is then unspeakably dejected. Never a note do we get from him until it is over. Nor can he be blamed. Last summer not only the usual loss took place, but every feather dropped from his tail. His dejection during this period was so extreme that we could not but believe he had some idea of his personal appearance under the disadvantage of no tail. This was so ludicrous that his most ardent lovers could scarcely behold him without a

smile; and it appeared to cut him to the soul that he should excite such sentiments.

But in a surprisingly short time his tail-feathers grew out again, the rest of his apparel reappeared fresh and new, and he lifted up his head; insomuch that whenever we wish to fill the house with a gay, confident, dashing, riotous, innocent, sparkling glory of jubilation, we have only to set Bob's cage where a spot of sunshine will fall on it. His beads of eyes glisten, his form grows intense, up goes his beak, and he is off.

Finally we have sometimes discussed the question, is it better, on the whole, that Bob should have lived in a cage than in the wildwood? There are conflicting opinions about it; but one of us is clear that it *is*. He argues that although there are many songs which are never heard, as there are many eggs which never hatch, yet the general end of a song is to *be* heard, as that of an egg is to be hatched. He further argues that Bob's life in his cage has been one long blessing to several people who stood in need of him; whereas in the woods, leaving aside the probability of hawks and bad boys, he would not have been likely to gain one appreciative listener for a single half-hour out of each year. And, as I have already mercifully released you from sev-

eral morals (continues this disputant) which I might have drawn from Bob, I am resolved that no power on earth shall prevent me from drawing this final one. We have heard much of "the privileges of genius," of "the right of the artist to live out his own existence free from the conventionalities of society," of "the un-morality of art," and the like. But I do protest that the greater the artist, and the more profound his piety toward the fellow-man for whom he passionately works, the readier will be his willingness to forego the privileges of genius and to cage himself in the conventionalities, even as the mocking-bird is caged. His struggle against these will, I admit, be the greatest: he will feel the bitterest sense of their uselessness in restraining *him* from wrong-doing. But, nevertheless, one consideration will drive him to enter the door and get contentedly on his perch: his fellow-men, his fellow-men, these he can reach through the respectable bars of use and wont; in his wild thickets of lawlessness they would never hear him, or, hearing, would never listen. In truth, this is the sublimest of self-denials, and none but a very great artist can compass it: to abandon the sweet, green forest of liberty, and live a whole life behind needless constraints, for the more perfect service of his fellow-men.

VIII

INCIDENTS IN SIDNEY LANIER'S LIFE

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NINETEEN years before our Civil War, there was born in Macon, Ga., a boy who began life, not as the babe Hercules, who sat up in his cradle to strangle fearful serpents, but with a spirit equally brave from the first. When but a child he sifted out from knightly tales the chivalric spirit, the courage, the endurance, the loyalty, the energy which suited his idea of the "manful man." It was from these sources that he imbibed "a lofty contempt for what is small, knowing, and gossipy," and learned "the delicacy of national honor"—"to perform a promise to the uttermost"—"to reverence all women"—"to help the weak"—"to treat high and low with courtesy"—"to be fair to a bitter foe"—"to despise luxury"—"to preserve simplicity, modesty, and gentleness of heart."

With this equipment he took a wee lad's delight in being "the leader of a children's amateur minstrel band, or, a little later, the captain of a boys' military company, armed with bows

and arrows." The children with whom he played were always impressed with a sense of his fitness for leadership, and they were his loyal knights to the last.

Sidney Lanier had one sister,—and a brother who was his inseparable comrade through childhood and his adored friend through life. "The Lanier family," says the poet's wife, "was one where love ruled. Mr. Lanier always spoke of his sister with deep reverence, calling her 'the violet' or 'my violet eyes.' He said of her: 'My sister never drifted from her native shore, which was heaven.'

"Stringent discipline was almost wholly unknown in the family. Only one whipping was ever considered necessary, and that fell to the poet when he was seven years of age because he failed to learn his letters. This was, however, not from wilfulness, but because his mind was one that naturally refused to go along routine tracks. In later years he speaks in favor of the literary work one *learns* to do 'unsystematically and without formal teaching.'" Formal teaching is often death to genius.

"Near their home were happy hunting-grounds, where the two brothers sought hickory nuts, scaly barks, and haw-apples, or hunted blackbirds and snipes," says Baskervill. "He

loved to sit quietly and fish, hours at a time, but his chief pleasure was in music. Clapping bones, keeping time as negro minstrels do, in jigs and dance tunes, was the first evidence of his musical genius. His mother accompanied him on the piano. He had no instruction in music beyond that given by his mother at the age of seven, yet before he could write plainly he could play on several musical instruments. When he was nine years old Santa Claus brought him a small, yellow, one-keyed flute, on which simple instrument he would practise with the skill of an artist. While a mere child he could play on the flute, guitar, banjo, and violin, and his first impulse was ever to form an amateur orchestra of children in camp, and he finally became first flutist of the Peabody Orchestra of Baltimore." As a youth in college he would seize his banjo and strike up such a lively air that his companions could not resist the impulse to spring to their feet and to join in a merry walk-round or negro breakdown.

The law office of the boy's father adjoined the home, and held the family library. Here was the King Arthur treasure-house, the golden tales, where the boy spent much of his leisure time in the wonderland of books. The book

is "father to the man." Lanier's editing in later years of "Percy," the "Froissart," the King Arthur stories, and the "Knightly Legends of Wales," "shows," says Baskervill, "not only knowledge, taste, and conscientious labor, but also that genuine love for the old, the chivalrous, and the romantic, which springs from a natural affinity. He dearly loved old English worthies, chroniclers, and poets, while knights and knightly deeds captivated his imagination and influenced his conduct." "He who walks in the way these ballads point," says Lanier of the Percy ballads, "will be manful in necessary fight, fair in trade, loyal in love, generous to the poor, tender in the household, prudent in living, plain in speech, merry upon occasion, simple in behavior, and honest in all things."

Lanier served for a year, from the age of fourteen to fifteen, as clerk in the Macon post-office, where he came in contact with many amusing characters, who contributed much to his sense of humor. When not quite fifteen young Lanier was admitted to a small college in Georgia, from which he was graduated when he was eighteen. At the age of nineteen (in 1861) Lanier entered the Southern army, the Second Georgia Battalion, as a private soldier,

and a little later his brother, Clifford, joined him. Promotion was offered to them several times, but they preferred the rank of privates, that they might not be separated from each other. In a letter to his brother, long after the war, the poet alludes to the night marches they had in the army when Clifford, who was only a boy of seventeen, was obliged to sleep while walking. He laid his head on the shoulder of the older brother, who held him up so that the weary brain might take the necessary nap while his feet were moving. The poet cited this instance in acknowledging help from his brother, saying that it was now the elder who leaned on the younger.

Baskervill says that they took part in many battles and skirmishes in Virginia, racing to escape the Yankee gunboats, signalling despatches, serenading country beauties, poring over chance books, and foraging for provender.

But neither pleasure nor hardships could win the poet from study, or veil from his eyes the beauties of nature. In camp, in self-preservation, he tries to set some of Tennyson's songs to music; he studies the German language, and translates, in intervals of repose or at night, after his horse is curried, Heine, Goethe, and Schiller. While he is serving with a detach-

ment of mounted scouts the enemy surprises their little camp and carries off, besides their clothes, cooking utensils, and cots, his treasures —Heine, "Aurora Leigh," "Les Misérables," and a German glossary.

One who knew him at this time describes him as a slender, gray-eyed youth, full of enthusiasm, playful, with a dainty mirthfulness, a tender humor, most like the great musician, Mendelssohn.

In 1864 the brothers were separated, Sidney being assigned to duty as signal officer to the blockade-runner Lucy. On the first run out of East Inlet, near Fort Fisher, she was captured, and Sidney, refusing to don the clothes of his fellow-officers, Englishmen, and declare himself a foreigner, was taken to Point Lookout prison, "where were sown the seeds of fell disease, to retard whose growth was the greatest part of his endeavor for the following few years." These days of confinement were cheered by fellowship with a kindred spirit, another prisoner since widely known as the poet-priest, Father Tabb, and solaced by his inseparable companion through life, his flute, which he had carried hidden in his sleeve into the prison with him. After five months he was released on an exchange of prisoners, but

owing to his thin clothing and the cold weather he came near dying on the voyage to City Point.

"In this enfeebled condition," says Baskervill, "he was landed in February, 1865, and as soon as the exchange was effected he set out on foot for his far-away Georgia home. A twenty-dollar gold piece and his friend-making, comfort-earning flute were his sole possessions.

"Weary and foot-sore, he plodded along, until, on March 15th, he reached home, utterly exhausted. The hardships of camp and prison life, the bitter cold at sea, and the long, weary journey had proved too much for his constitution, and six weeks of desperate illness followed. The first days of his recovery witnessed the death of his mother from consumption, and he himself arose from his sick-bed with pronounced congestion of one lung."

Having recovered sufficiently, Lanier served as teacher in a private family a few weeks, and then as clerk in a hotel in Montgomery, Ala. In 1867, having finished his one novel, his first book, "Tiger Lilies," he came to New York city in search of a publisher. One of the most striking chapters in this novel is a scene at a masquerade ball where the author's hero and heroine, disguised as King Arthur and

Queen Guinevere, meet the former's most dangerous enemy, Cranston, disguised as Launcelot. In this scene King Arthur conquers his enemy, and exclaims as he shivers his rapier: "I give thee thy life that thou mayst put it to a better use, Sir Launcelot of the Lake!" Lanier is too merciful to allow his villain to die, but lets him develop into a manful character.

There is an old album extant, dating back to 1872, belonging to a friend of the poet. It is an album of printed questions and written answers, and in it I find interesting suggestions as to the poet's tastes. His favorite tree is the mimosa; his favorite color, "the opal gray, which one sees on the horizon just after a gorgeous sunset;" his favorite musicians, Schumann, Wagner, Beethoven, Chopin. Among his favorite authors are Shakespeare, Chaucer, Robert Browning, Carlyle, George Eliot, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. His favorite amusement is "to be on a springy horse in a hilly country." His favorite occupation is teaching, and he admires "knightly magnanimity" above all other traits in man.

Sidney Lanier was a veritable master of the art of creating innocent fun. His talent in this direction admitted of no malice; his wit was

that of the poet who finds laughter in fanciful situations, where he makes himself, if anyone, the point of the jest. One of his letters to his wife describing his entrance, as first flute, into the Peabody Orchestra discloses this quality. He says:

"Well, Flauto Primo hath been to his first rehearsal.

"Fancy thy poor lover, weary, worn, and stuffed with a cold, arriving after a brisk walk —he was *so* afraid he might be behind time— at the hall of Peabody Institute. He passeth down betwixt the empty benches, turneth through the green-room, emergeth on the stage, greeteth the Maestro, is introduced by the same to Flauto Secondo, and then, with as much carelessness as he can assume, he sauntereth in among the rows of music-stools, to see if he can find the place where he is to sit—for he knoweth not, and liketh not to ask. He remembereth where the flutes sit in Thomas's orchestra; but on going to the corresponding spot he findeth the part of Contra-Basso on the music-stand, and fleeth therefrom in terror. In despair, he is about to endeavor to get some information on the sly, when he seeth the good Flauto Secondo sitting down far in front, and straightway marcheth to his place on the left of the

same, with the air of one that had played there since babyhood.

.

"Well, I sit down—some late-comers arrive, stamping and blowing—for it is snowing outside—and pull the green covers off their big horns and bass fiddles. Presently the Maestro, who is rushing about, hither and thither, in some excitement, falleth to striking a great tuning-fork with a mallet, and straightway we all begin to toot A, to puff it, to groan it, to squeak it, to scrape it, until I sympathize with the poor letter, and glide off in some delicate little runs; and presently the others begin to flourish also, and here we have it, up and down the scale, unearthly buzzings from the big fiddles, diabolical four-string chords from the 'cellos, passionate shrieks from the clarionets and oboes, manly remonstrances from the horns, querulous complaints from the bassoons, and so on.

"Now the Maestro mounteth to his perch. I am seated immediately next the audience, facing the first violins, who are separated from me by the conductor's stand. I place my part on my stand, and try to stop my heart from beating so fast—with unavailing arguments. Maestro rappeth with his *bâton,* and magically

stilleth all the shrieks and agonies of the instruments. 'Fierst' (he saith, with the Frenchiest of French accents—tho' a Dane, he was educated in Paris) 'I wish to present to ze gentlemen of ze orchestra our fierst flutist, Mr. Sidney Lanier, also our fierst oboe, Mr. [I didn't catch his name].' Whereupon, not knowing what else to do—and the pause being somewhat awkward—I rise and make a profound bow to the Reeds, who sit behind me, another to the 'Celli, the Bassi, and the Tympani, in the middle, and a third to the Violins opposite. This appeareth to be the right thing, for Oboe jumpeth up also, and boweth, and the gentlemen of the orchestra all rise and bow, some of them in a most impressive way.

"Then there is a little idiotic hum and simper, such as newly introduced people usually affect. Then cometh a man—whom I should always hate, if I *could* hate anybody always—and, to my horror, putteth on my music-stand the flauto primo part of Niels Gade's Ossian Overture, and thereupon the Maestro saith, 'We will try *that* fierst.'

"Horrors! They told me they would play nothing but the Fifth Symphony, and this Ossian Overture I have never seen or heard! This does not help my heart-beats nor steady

my lips—thou canst believe. However, there is no time to tarry, the *bâton* rappeth, the horns blow, my five bars' rest is out—I plunge. Oh! If thou couldst but be by me in this sublime glory of music! All through it I yearn for thee with heart-breaking eagerness. The beauty of it maketh me catch my breath—to write of it. I will not attempt to describe it. It is the spirit of the poems of Ossian done in music by the wonderful Niels Gade.

"I got through it without causing any disturbance. Maestro had to stop twice on account of some other players. I failed to come in on time twice in the Symphony. I am too tired now to give thee any further account. I go again to rehearsal to-morrow."

Not only does our flutist-poet prove himself a genius in the art of creating innocent fun with his "musical jay-cries," his "movement for gnats," his "motion for bugs," his break-downs and "corn-shuckings," but he also takes first rank as a writer of letters. We have hardly given sufficient credit to Lanier as a musician. Every record of him is a witness to his "rain of melodies." The violin was his earliest choice. This he abandoned in his youth, however, to please his father, who dreaded the fas-

cination by which the violin seemed to hold the boy in thrall, like a strange enchantment. But he "conquered the violin from the flute," and all who heard it came under the spell of its "harmonious madness."

The life of our flutist was that of

> "—a poet hidden
> In the light of thought;
> Singing songs unbidden,
> Till the world is wrought
> To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

It was a brave life, enduring pain, sickness, and poverty with heroic fortitude and revealing almost superhuman energy in the face of physical weakness.

Event followed event rapidly. Mr. Lanier was a teacher in 1867 at Prattville, Ala. Then followed his marriage to Miss Mary Day, of Macon, in the same year; declining health; a trip to Texas in 1872; a trip to Florida representing a railroad company in 1874; a return to his home in Macon, where he wrote his poem " 'Corn,' his first great song to which the world gave heed"; a journey to New York to search for a publisher; his acquaintance with Gibson Peacock, of Philadelphia, that fortunate editor who had the fine sense which enabled

him "to recognize that a new singer had come"; a few years of extreme poverty and illness, in which we see him "crawling wearily to bed after a long day's work" on lectures and books, while "a thousand songs were singing in his heart" which he longed to utter.

At last, in 1879, came the tardy appointment to Johns Hopkins University as lecturer on English literature. Sidney Lanier had a passion for teaching. Here lie before me two great volumes, "Shakespeare and His Forerunners," and one three-hundred page volume, "The English Novel," all published since his death, the fruit of his devotion to his profession as a teacher. His work was so broad, so deep, so careful, so good, that it has reached every school in the land, although he was often obliged to go in a closed carriage to his classes when there was danger of those hemorrhages recurring that finally resulted in his death.

Sidney Lanier, as a scientist, was valuable to the world after a manner not to be said of any other scientist, for he demonstrated in his "Science of English Verse" that even in poetry

"All is love and all is *law*."

The *Spectator* was one of the earliest periodicals, if not the first, to assign to Sidney Lanier



COTTAGE IN WHICH MR. LANIER PASSED HIS LAST DAYS

In the valley of Lynn, North Carolina, at the southern base of the Tryon range of mountains

his rightful place among the poets of America, for it often happens that English critics discover our stars and place them, before their existence has dawned upon us. They recognized him as our Wordsworth and our Keats. He is constantly growing more dear to American hearts and more ruggedly firm as a part of what is *permanent* in American literature.

Seven years—magic number—seven years of illness, poverty, and pain (from 1874 to 1881) sufficed to develop the poet. In this period Sidney Lanier wrote his one volume of poems. As has already been said, he is best known by "The Marshes of Glynn," "Clover," "Corn," "The Symphony," and "The Song of the Chattahoochee." Many of his poems have been set to music. Lanier disdained cut-and-dried rules in poetry, such as were taught in old rhetorics. The "New Rhetoric" does not attempt to teach the poet; it sits modestly at his feet to deduce its rules and laws.*

Lanier found satisfying beauty in common forms of nature. Shelley found his themes in grand aspects of nature, like the Alps at sunrise. Lanier found poetry in the "cunning green leaves, little masters," "my gossip, the owl," the "affable live-oak," "the marsh hen [that]

* See Composition and Rhetoric, by Margaret Mooney.

secretly builds on the watery sod," the orange "globes of gold," "honest mould and vagabond air," the "wing-music" of the "pleading bee." "He was inspired by nature in any typical form. It did not require an unusually beautiful sunrise or sunset to kindle his enthusiasm and reverence."

Crowning all that can be said of Sidney Lanier, the poet, the teacher, the musician, comes his character as man, lover, "Heart-Knight."

> "O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead!
> The Time needs heart—'tis tired of head;
> We're all for love," the violin said.

Thus opens that great poem "The Symphony," where each musical instrument sings out its knightly strain. "I'm all for heart," the flute-voice said. Quoth the bold horn:

> "Where's he that craftily hath said,
> The day of chivalry is dead?
> I'll prove that lie upon his head,
> Or I will die instead,
> Fair Lady."

In his novel, "Tiger Lilies," he says: "Love is the only rope thrown out by Heaven to us who have fallen overboard into Life." "Inasmuch as we love, in so much do we conquer

death and flesh; by as much as we love, by so much are we gods, for God is love; and could we love as He does, we could be as He is." We need not multiply instances to prove how deeply the poet believed in love for God and love for humanity.

In almost the last article which he wrote Lanier tells us that "the genius which in the heat and struggle of ideal creation has the enormous control and temperance to arrange and adjust in harmonious proportion" what is antagonistic in verse is "the same genius which in the heat and battle of life will arrange" what is morally antagonistic, "with similar self-control and temperance." "There is a point," he adds, "to which the merely clever artist may reach, but beyond which he may never go, for lack of moral insight." In fine, there is a point, in art, "beyond which nothing but moral greatness can ever attain, because it is at this point that the moral range, the religious fervor, the true seership and prophethood of the poet, come in and lift him to higher views of all things."

Sidney Lanier died in 1881, at the early age of thirty-nine years, but his work stands peculiarly as the expression of the man.

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